

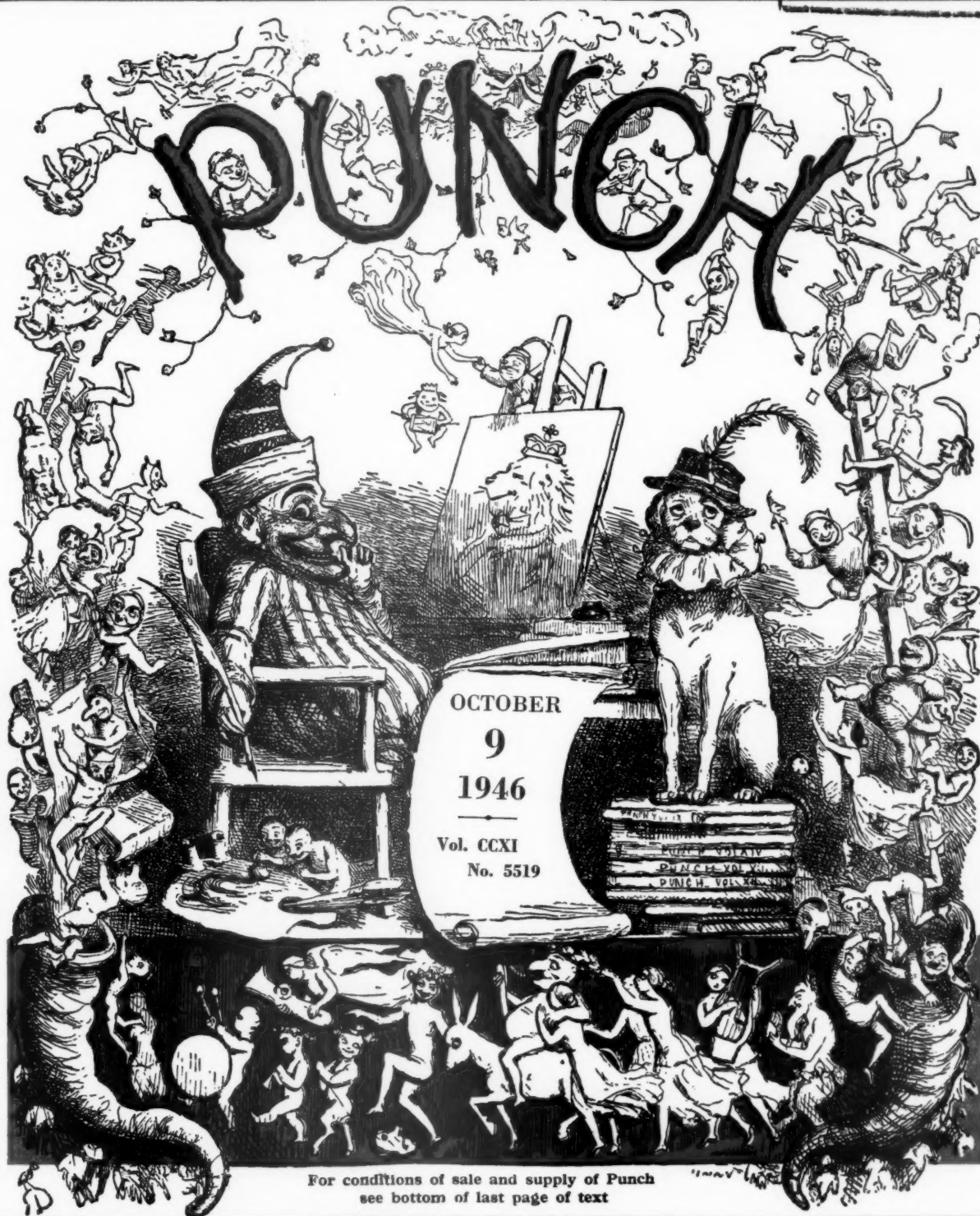
CADBURY

means

Quality

PUBLIC LIBRARY
NOV 5 1946
DETROIT

PUNCH



OCTOBER
9
1946

Vol. CCXI
No. 5519

For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.



I promise . . . to keep my feet on earth and
my eyes on the stars...to cook
like an angel and keep on looking as though I can't even boil an egg
. . . to remember that it's as important to look lovely at breakfast
as at dinner. Never will I neglect my Yardley beauty-regime—
from to-day onwards I'll put my best face forward every day!

Powder: five shades 4/-

Lipstick: six shades 4/2 Refills 2/6

Hand Cream in bottles 5/3

Sorry, no post orders!

Yardley
33 OLD BOND STREET

THE Silver Wraith

"The Silver Wraith has an indefin-
able something about it, a delicacy
of behaviour, which escapes defi-
nition in written words. It is a car
for the connoisseur in cars"

The Autocar

ROLLS-ROYCE
The Best Car in the World



ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED, 14-15, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1



"Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
When she got there the cupboard was bare
So the poor dog had none!"

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD must have been a very
strange woman indeed! For even in these days of strict
rationing all larders have *something* in them—and in a
great many there is always a packet of Weetabix! This
delicious cereal food can be enjoyed in many different ways
—on its own or with milk (hot or cold), butter, cheese, jam,
honey or soft fruits in season. Children have a special word
of their own for Weetabix; and that word is "Um-m!"

Prices: 7½d (4 points)

Large Size 1½d (8 points)

Sold everywhere: supplies limited.



WEETABIX LTD., BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS.

W.32



YOUR KINGDOM

Here, indeed, is something that makes the work and worry
of the day worth while—the evening peace of your own
fireside! This chair is *your* chair. These books are *your* books.
These four walls are *yours*—*your* kingdom. Here you can
close the door against the world and relax.

Surely Horlicks was made for people like you—people who
feel in need of special nourishment for frayed nerves and a
tired body, people who want the promise of deep, unbroken
sleep, and the assurance of new vigour for tomorrow.

Horlicks is still not plentiful, but the shops are sharing
out what they have as fairly as possible.

HORLICKS

By appointment to the late King George V



The Tradition

of elegance and good taste which made Fortts Bath Oliver Biscuits so popular with the 'Beau Monde' of Eighteenth-Century Bath still survives today. Delicately flavoured and easy to digest, their inimitable quality has never been equalled.

Fortts
ORIGINAL

**BATH
OLIVER
BISCUITS**



To do you justice

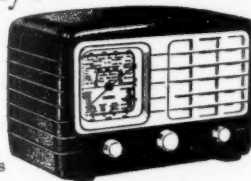
You'll know the new GOR-RAY skirt at a glance. Fine material, eight stylish pleats and neat snugly-fitting waistline—stocked by the leading shops—look for the genuine GOR-RAY label.

GOR-RAY
Registered

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond St W1

Look... it's lovely!
Listen...
it's superb!

Although new ULTRA sets are being delivered steadily, most dealers have a waiting list. Your plan is to see that your name is on the list.



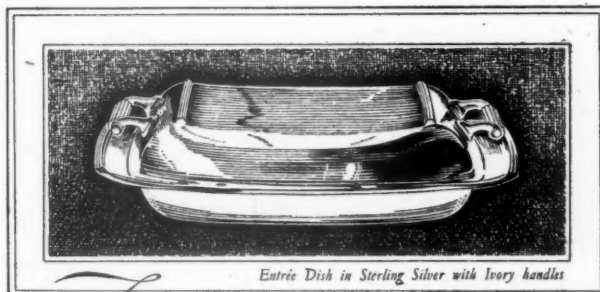
Model T401 £15.0.0
Plus £3.4.6. purchase tax

NEW ULTRA RADIO

More than a set — it's a service

ULTRA ELECTRIC LTD., SALES DEPT., 62 BUCKINGHAM GATE, S.W.1

S e l e c t e d
to represent the country



Entrée Dish in Sterling Silver with Ivory handles

THE FINE EXAMPLES OF MODERN SILVERWARE DESIGNED AND
MADE BY MAPPIN AND WEBB THAT HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR EXHIBITION
AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, ARE WORTHY REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF THE DAY IN THE SILVERSMITH'S CRAFT.

BRITAIN CAN MAKE IT
is the title of this exhibition of post-war designs for industry

MAPPIN AND WEBB

LONDON SHOWROOMS: LIMITED
156-162 OXFORD ST., W.1 172 REGENT ST., W.1 2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4
MANUFACTORY: THE ROYAL WORKS, SHEFFIELD
PARIS BIARRITZ BUENOS AIRES RIO DE JANEIRO JOHANNESBURG BOMBAY



SHORT OF SHIRTS?

It costs no more
coupons to buy
a long-lasting

Radiac
QUALITY SHIRT

if you're lucky enough
to get one

McIntyre, Hogg, Marsh & Co. Ltd.
Shirt Manufacturers for 100 years



When
"Golden Shred"
reappears upon the
breakfast table
you will know that
**The World's Best
Marmalade**
is being made again.
Until then the
Marmalade to buy is
J.R.



James Robertson & Sons (P.M.) Ltd.
Golden Shred Works, London,
Paisley, Manchester, Bristol

VOTRIX

Why it is
wise
to say...

★ NOW LET'S HAVE A
GIN AND VOTRIX



Closely guarded by
the makers of all
good Vermouth is
the exact method

of preparation—the proportions of the aromatic herbs, and the method of introducing them to the wine. Fortunate in the possession of an ancient recipe, well tried and proved by time, the makers of Votrix Vermouth obtain the final perfection of flavour by using delicious wine from selected Empire grapes and blending it with aromatic herbs in the old and accepted traditional method. The result is public knowledge, yet because Votrix is prepared in England it is still available at a fair price.

VERMOUTH

SWEET OR DRY 9/-

Produced and bottled by
Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey

I'VE SAID GOODBYE TO

Sleeplessness



The nightly cup of Allenburys Diet taken at bedtime induces that sound, refreshing sleep so vital to the recuperation of energy, especially with people of advancing years.

This delicious food-drink does not tax the most delicate digestion. Fresh, creamy milk and whole wheat, supply in an easily-assimilated form the vital nutriment for building up frayed nerves and depleted body-cells.

From all Chemists, 4/6 a tin.
(Temporarily in short supply.)

**Allenburys
DIET**

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys, Ltd.

LIGHT can be just
as good **AT HOME**



if
YOU USE

MAZDA
LAMPS



The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.
Crown House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

4074

Asprey

Asprey buy articles of modern and Antique Jewellery, Gold and Silver, China and Glass, Leather Goods, Fitted Suit Cases, etc. Prevailing prices are at high level, and they strongly advise advantage being taken of existing conditions. They will be pleased to send a Representative where the quantity is too great to send by registered post or rail. Telephone enquiries Regent 6767, extension 40. Parcels should be addressed to, or deposited at:—

DEPT. B.1

166 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

NEW!...
make-up
miracle



A tinted cream to smooth on
before powdering! Coty 'Sub-Tint'
veils your face with a delicate film of beautifying colour—
like giving you a clear, velvet-smooth, flawless
new skin! Hides little blemishes, freckles.
Holds powder. Never looks "made-up".



Vibrant, Light, Medium, Dark, 6/9 a jar including tax.

Coty
'SUB-TINT'



Wearra
MULTIPLE FITTING
SHOES
for Men and their Sons

The Wearra range
provides the **FOR-**
MULA FOR FITTING
feet correctly.

Three widths to each
size and half size.



M.L. SHORTLAND
Master Shoemaker
and Designer of
the Wearra Shoe



I say, old man, I fancy
that girl smiled at me!

Nonsense! She's only an advertisement.
Yes, but isn't she compellingly lovely!
Some women are like that...
positively breath-taking!

Personality has a lot to do with it.
I agree, old boy, a lot.

★
Personality
★
TURTLE OIL SOAP

More than a Soap—a Beauty Treatment
1/10 PER TABLET (2 RATIONS)
Only from Britain's nicer Shops

SUCCESS

for any firm depends
largely on good work by a
happy and contented staff.

And the wise employer
knows the value of a good
staff pension plan for
attracting and keeping
the best workers.

New and existing staff
plans can be adjusted to fit
in with any national plan.

An enquiry will enable
you to judge how a plan
for your staff will serve
YOU.

Write to the Secretary.
SCOTTISH WIDOWS'
FUND



Head Office:
9 St. Andrew Square,
Edinburgh, 2
London Offices:
28 Cornhill, E.C.3
17 Waterloo Place, S.W.1

QUEEN ANNE

RARE SCOTCH WHISKY

IN THE
BETTER PLACES



By Appointment
HILL THOMSON &
CO. LTD.,
EDINBURGH

Holders of Royal
Appointment to
successive Sove-
reigns since 1838

HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD
EDINBURGH. Est. 1793

Hamleys

Est. 1790
HAMELY BROTHERS LTD.

200-202, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
(OUR ONLY ADDRESS)
Still the finest toy shop in the world

DUFRAIS

Special
VINEGARS



Elder
Cider
Eschalot
etc.

Made from Natural Herbs
Matured in Genuine Malt
Vinegar
AND SOLD ONLY IN BOTTLE
DUFRAIS & CO. LTD.
87, South Lambeth Rd.
London, S.W.8

ONLY THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH



so the CALL is for

GILBEY'S

GIN

Allsorts of tips
for backers



but Allsorts
of Wilkinson's
for Quality!



Coming soon—

AERTEX

OP-N8

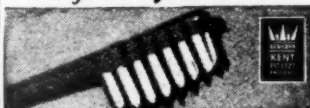


In Knightly Favour!

SENIOR'S

FISH & MEAT PASTES

Safeguard Your Teeth!



With **KENT** Exclusive
BLENDED BRISTLES

- AVOID ABRASIVE ACTION.
- PREVENT INJURY TO ENAMEL AND GUMS.

KENT OF LONDON
Best British Brushes

'Gin & Lime'
plus -



a dash of
ANGOSTURA
aromatic bitters
is much better:
Ask for it!

PRESENT RETAIL PRICES IN U.K.,
Half-bottle 17/6; miniature 5/-

★ If your usual Wine Merchant is unable to supply, you are invited to send his name and address to Angostura Bitters (London) Ltd., 61 Cheapside, E.C.2, England. (R)

A GOOD TURN

To those to whom it is second nature to do a good turn, the Church Army appeals on behalf of men, women and children needing a new start in life. The task of turning sadness into gladness is indeed a happy one—will YOU take a turn? Please send a gift to The Rev. Prebendary Hubert H. Treacher, Church Army, 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

...but I've got a tin
of NESCAFÉ!



When you do land a tin—what a triumph! Richly fragrant, full-flavoured coffee, made right in the cup. No bother, no messy grounds; no coffee-pot to wash. Nescafé spells all the enjoyment—none of the drawbacks—of really delicious coffee. Unfortunately supplies of Nescafé do not yet keep pace with growing demand.

**NESCAFÉ IS A
SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT**
composed of coffee solids, with
dextrins, maltose and dextrase,
added to retain the aroma.

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

Built to last...



The Men's Shoe Department at Simpsons is not only distinguished for its fine footwear — hand-lasted, well-styled and long-wearing — but endless care and skill is devoted to the actual fitting of the shoes.

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd.
202 Piccadilly, London, W.1

Simpson
PICCADILLY

Regent 2002

Fairway Clear!



With a whiplike swish your driver cuts a flashing arc—speeding the ball the length of the fairway. Golf in October —another outdoor pastime made more enjoyable by Ford motoring — economical and trouble-free — to take you to the clubhouse and comfortably home. Your Ford Dealer is doing his best with deliveries, so please be patient.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM

F O R D

First in Value . . . Constant in Performance





PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXI No. 5519

October 9 1946

Charivaria

INCLUDED in the new Burma Council are Messrs. U Ba Pe, U Tin Tut, and U Saw. There is a general feeling that the debates in the Council will suffer by the omission of U Eard.

The new shilling will be worth less than a penny. This is calculated to bring it a little more in line with the pound.



You can always tell the man who owns the car. He is the one who, after you have shut the door, leans over, opens it, and then bangs it harder still.

"The thrush, the black-bird and the swallow are among the farmer's best friends," says a Nature writer. No mention, apparently, of Mr. Tom Williams.

"Consumption of electricity had increased rapidly all over the country due to the abnormal weather. Power stations have not all their plant in running condition at present owing to 'Summer overhauls.'"—*London daily*.

Atishoo!

A correspondent was cranking up his recently-purchased car when it suddenly moved off backwards and crashed into a brick wall. Then he flew off the handle.

The Kremlin is a mediæval building, we are told. But with up-to-date fittings. Only recently the occupier was wired for sound.

A motorist says he has travelled thousands of miles all over the country and his only accident occurred when putting his car in a car-park. It is always a pity when long driving is spoilt by weak putting



According to a sports writer, football can do a lot towards bringing the members of a family together. Especially if one of them has just won a pool prize.

A club for ugly men has been formed in Miami, U.S.A., and it is proposed to hold a dinner each year. Guests are expected to bring their own mugs.

Form at a Glance
"THE HARVEY GIRLS"
In Technicolor plus Shorts
Cinema advt. in
"Vancouver Sun."

A West End hotel waiter claims that he gets nothing but praise from some of the guests. They must be courageous people.

An all-in wrestler, who recently beat a sailor opponent, confesses that he is very superstitious. In the course of the contest he is said to have made repeated attempts to throw the salt over his left shoulder.

A returned holidaymaker from Cornwall says she did not venture in beyond the usual six inches this summer. They also surf, she thinks, who only stand and wade.

"ERIC THORNTON'S POOLS' GUIDE
PICK WHERE YOU LIKE FOR
HOMES!"

"Manchester Evening News."
What price an injunction?

"During an earthquake in South America I had to put my feet on my desk to keep it from rolling," says a correspondent. This is a commonplace at the Admiralty.

A Frontier Dispute

II

THIS paper will be known henceforward as the Berry Press. I had hoped to quell the animosity which, I knew, existed about the birtleberry and was giving rise to grave discontent. Little did I think that I should only fan the smouldering fires of men's evil passions and make a desert where I had longed for peace.

The first intimation I had of the gravity of the crisis came in a post-card from London, S.W.:

"Your investigations may be assisted when I point out to you that the BLAEBERRY is not only a 'silly little sweet black fruit' but also the badge of the following clans—Clan BUCHANAN, MACLAINE of Lochbuie, and the following wear the RED WHORTLEBERRY (COWBERRY), which is not the same as the BLAEBERRY—DAVIDSON, MACBEAN, MACDUFF, MACGILLIVRAY, MACLEOD of Lewis, MACPHERSON, MACQUEEN of Corryborough.

Yours more in sorrow than in anger,

"Caddish" was the word that rose instinctively to my lips when I read those lines. What chance had the Buchanans and the MacLaines of Lochbuie, hopelessly outnumbered by all these other clans, to defend the sanctity of their native moors?

One could picture at once the shocking incidents that must have occurred amongst the wild septs beyond Hadrian's Wall when the fiery whortle was carried over the hill-tops and the tocsin sounded for an attack by the reds on the blaes.

There were kindlier words from the West. "In Ireland they are called Frocken," wrote one correspondent, and "I feel hurt," said another, "to think that Wales has been left out in your names for the bilberry. Here they are known as Llysberry."

I can well believe it, but in England the situation is still hopelessly obscure.

"They are gathered on Wimberry Moor in Cheshire," remarked one reader; another declared "A whimberry is not a bilberry, it is a cowberry. There is no such thing as a whimberry." Statements such as the last can do nothing but drive a patient seeker after facts to the extremity of despair. Only by questioning every inhabitant of this island through every county and every shire in turn could one be sure that this dogmatic assertion is true, and even then the idea or concept of the whimberry (as a pathetic little blue-black fruit) would exist for ever in the minds of men. And what is one to say of the gentleman who writes:

"The botanical name for bilberries is *Vaccinium Myrtillus Linnæus*; natural order *Vacciniaceæ*; its synonyms are huckleberries, whortleberries (pronounced whurtleberries) and hurtleberries"?

I do not think that we can take refuge from the troubles that beset our times by attempting to disguise them in the obscurity of a dead or moribund language, and it would be better far, in my opinion, to take a firm stand on the gurgleberry, or wilberry, whichever title we chose, and stick to it through thick and thin, like an honest Briton, leaving the pedantries of the class-room and the laboratory to those who have nothing more practical with which to occupy their minds.

There is another correspondent who writes curtly: "And

in Canada, Blueberries," and yet another who declares "A whortleberry is not a drupe, it is a berry." He can be answered very shortly indeed. Is it likely that a careful writer such as I am would have called a winkleberry a drupe if he had not known all the time that it was a berry?

Let us turn now to a subsidiary issue. What is the proper name of the party which represents His Majesty's Opposition in Parliament?

"**TORIES WILL STAY TORY.**"

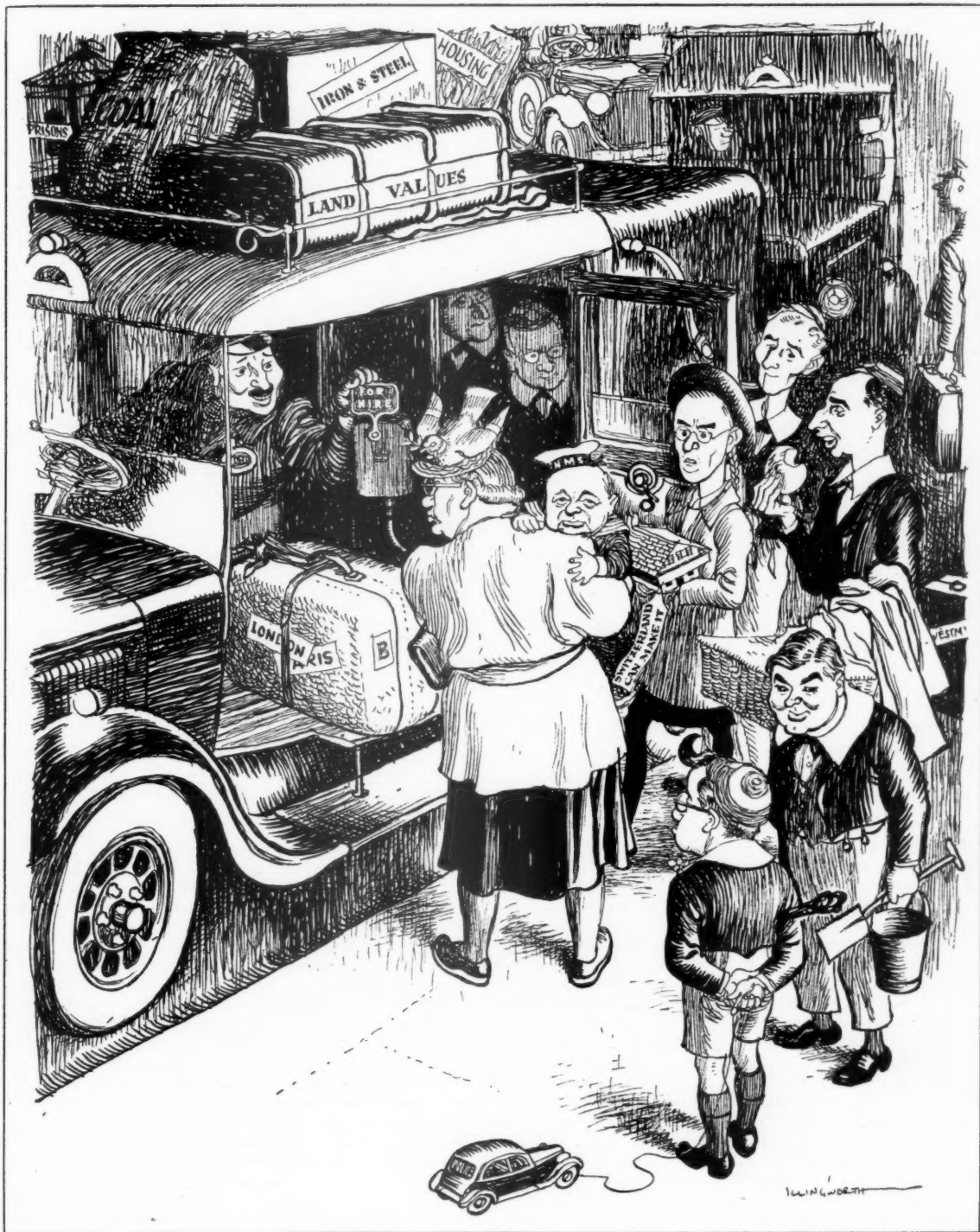
The annual Tory Party Conference to open at Blackpool on Thursday will not be able to change the party name."

I quote from the *Daily Express*. In my opinion no such conference ever met, because there is no such party. "Tory" (says my dictionary), "A. In the seventeenth century one of the dispossessed Irish, who became outlaws, subsisting by plundering and killing the English settlers and soldiers; a bog-trotter, a rapparee." We may, perhaps, waive this use of the word and pass onward through several stages of meaning to Dr. Johnson's notion of the name. "We drank 'Church and King,'" says Boswell, "after dinner with true Tory cordiality." I submit that this is still the meaning of "Tory," and I know many people who would follow this practice every night if there was anything to do it with, but they do not comprise the whole of the present Conservative Party, which, for a long time, was called the Unionist Party but is now called the Conservative Party again. The true Tory, if he could move away from the nineteenth century, would move not towards the twentieth but towards the eighteenth. Naturally the enemies of the Conservative Party can call it anything they please, but why should it be called the Tory Party either by itself or by those who are supposed to be its friends?

There are two modes of opposition to this kind of open or covert attack. The Conservative Party can call their opponents Whigs (or, if they prefer it, Whiggamores) or they can call them Radicals. Disraeli was a Radical who became a Conservative. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was a Radical who became a Unionist. I do not know that much would be gained by calling Mr. Aneurin Bevan a Whiggamore. He would scarcely feel the sting. You might as well call Mr. Harold Macmillan a rapparee.

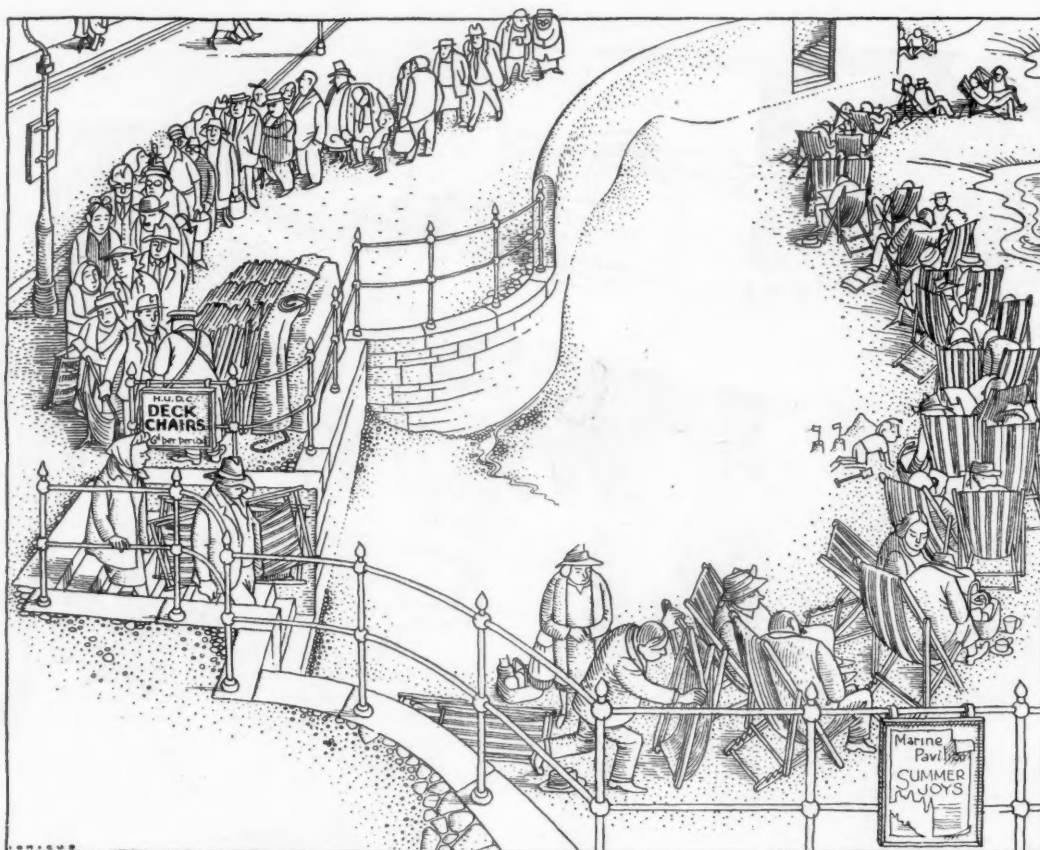
But the essence of Conservatism is constant change. Thus it was a Radical dream when I was younger that everybody should have three acres and a cowberry (or it may have been a cow), yet only last week Mr. Eden was saying that property must be shared as equitably as possible among all our citizens. So it seems that the Conservatives have become Radicals, a thing that real Tories hardly ever do; and the Rads of course have become the Reds, which shows that the names of parties are nearly as difficult as the names of wild fruit. If the Conservatives ever do change their title I think they will probably call themselves Progressive Democrats (or some such peculiar name). They could then be labelled or libelled "The Demi-progs," while their adversaries could be known as "The Tucks" or "The Socks." There is of course one other way out of the difficulty. The Government could call the Opposition blaeberreries. And the Opposition could retaliate by calling His Majesty's Government whorts.

EVOE.



AFTER THE HOLIDAYS

"Any more for Westminster?"



Not Solved by Walking

THERE is a small child some six houses down the road (at No. 17) who has been rather a trouble to me these last few weeks. She is a neat thing, about four—short white socks, black shoes of the kind fastened (at great inconvenience by some adult) with a strap over the instep, pleated skirt, jumper affair on top, and a small ribbon in her straight fair hair.

She says good morning to me as I pass on my way to the station—has done so in fact every morning since the beginning of August, and I return the greeting with a slight bow. I regret the bow, which is a little condescending, I think, but I cannot check it; or, if I do, it is only by assuming the absurd rigidity of a man with a stiff neck. She does not bow in return. She stands quite still with her feet a little apart and her hands behind her back and stares at me until I am mercifully hidden by an A.R.P. shelter.

I used to wonder in the early days why this little girl spent so much of her time standing so quiet and solitary at her garden gate. I thought it wrong and rather sad, and I wished she might have brothers and sisters to play with, or at least a mother who would teach her how to keep herself amused and happy. I got quite angry when I thought of her mother. She is one of those women, I concluded, who imagines that her whole duty to her child is to dress her neatly and tie a ribbon in her hair. Affection,

companionship, all the love and sympathy that a child so badly needs, she is unable or unwilling to offer. "Run out into the garden now! I can't have you under my feet when I'm doing the sitting-room." Such would be the little girl's daily portion.

I felt this especially keenly, I remember, on wet days, when I would see her, mackintoshed and hatted it is true, but standing just as usual in solitary exile at the gate. "Aren't you getting rather wet?" I asked her one morning, raising my voice a little for her mother's benefit; but she only stared at me as she always did, following me with her dark unwinking gaze until I was out of sight. Well, I thought, it really is about the limit! But for the life of me I didn't see how I could interfere.

I began to hate that woman.

It was about three weeks ago perhaps that as I approached the house at my usual rapid pace I heard the child's mother calling in a strained whisper from the front garden, "Quick, Angela. He's coming!" A door slammed somewhere, there was the light patter of a child's feet on gravel, and when I reached the gate there she stood, her colour a little heightened, but otherwise composed and still as usual.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning," I said, bowing slightly.

The incident was over and I passed on, profoundly

disturbed. It is one thing to be a welcome incident in the grey monotony of a child's morning, to feel that the exchange of greetings brings a momentary ray of warmth into a small starved heart; but to be a star turn, to be run out to the gate for as if one were a steam roller or a man balancing a ladder on a bicycle, that puts a very different complexion on the affair. And that woman was in it! She encouraged and abetted the child. *Quick, Angela. He's coming!* Instead of rebuking the girl for staring and shutting her up indoors until she had learnt better manners, here was this so-called mother deliberately keeping a look-out for me and bawling out to her daughter not to miss the show.

I walked on with my mind so full of the implications of this discovery that when the little boy at No. 24 pointed his stick at me and said *Bang! Bang!* I forgot to put my hand over my heart and stagger, so that he had to run after me and say "You're dead!" several times before I could pull myself together and do what was required of me. And even then it was a half-hearted stagger, at best.

I felt sorry about this afterwards. He is a nice little boy who shoots at everybody he sees, and one doesn't like to disappoint him. His mother would soon put a stop to it, too, if he started singling out some particular resident for his attentions and making him feel awkward and conspicuous. It is the height of bad manners, in my opinion, to make a person feel that he is a sort of standing joke in some other family, so that he begins to wonder what there is so peculiar about his appearance or his dress or his gait as to make him a showpiece on his own. Why doesn't this Angela run out to have a look at old Foster, or that extraordinary new tall bowler-hatted man who teeters along as if he had got a crane hooked in the back of his braces? She doesn't, obviously. Otherwise she wouldn't have known which of us it was when her mother screamed out "*He's coming!*"

All this upset me so much at the time that I haven't the faintest recollection of the loathsome pekinese at No. 40 scuttering out and yapping at my heels. It always does—as far as the corner, and sometimes beyond it. But I just can't recall having the slightest awareness of it that particular morning.

That was three weeks ago, and every day since then it has been a perfect nightmare to me to pass No. 17. If I knew what it is about me that fascinates the child it might not be so bad. But I don't. Sometimes I think it is just that she feels friendly towards me and likes to say good morning to me, and then I feel I ought to be more friendly towards her and give her a specially nice smile. But how can I do that when I've more than half a suspicion that it's a sort of woggling look about my back that she's really come out to see? Not that my back woggles at all, actually—or didn't until quite recently. But now that I make a special effort, with those pitiless eyes following me and following me, to walk absolutely normally, I wouldn't care to say what my back does or doesn't do. I know that my left leg has got longer than my right, so that I have to take bigger steps with it, producing a dot-and-carry effect, or else walk with a crouch, that would be less unnervingly like Groucho's if I could leave my attaché case at home. And this last week a strong conviction has regularly swept over me that the trouser turn-up on my right leg (the shorter one) has got turned down over the heel of my shoe. I cannot get rid of this feeling until I have cocked my right heel up and glanced down at it over my shoulder, which I dare say, to anybody who doesn't know what I am doing, looks more like a skip than anything.

It is a toss-up now whether I hate Angela or her mother more.

Yesterday, though, and again this morning, she wasn't there. Nor was the little boy who says *Bang! Bang!* Some kindergarten, they tell me, has opened its doors in the neighbourhood, and the children will not be about again, at the time I take my walk to the station, until Christmas. Oddly, I feel disappointed. I am walking more freely, taking firm even steps; and no convulsive stagger now throws me out of my stride opposite No. 24. But something has gone out of my life. The days seem greyer, the road interminably long. In fact if it wasn't for the pekinese at No. 40 I don't know how I should reach the turning.

H. F. E.

The Hunter's Moon: The Bomber's Moon

THE Aurignacian hunter
he was a naturalist:
he drew the bull,
as he drew his bow
with cunning fingers and wrist.
He crouched in his cave in the Stone Age night
while the brands blazed yellow
and red
and bright,
and he brooded and dreamed in the dark and the light,
his mind a magic mist.

Stars in a sky
we know in dreams
wheeled terrible and clear:
might not the Gods be hunting him
as he had hunted the deer?
The fire was kind
and the cave warm:
had God slain God in last night's storm?
The hunter dreamed on his bone-scraped skins,
near to his hand a spear.

O patient hunter of wary beasts,
maker of spear and bow,
happy gorgor of mighty feasts,
feeder of magic-working priests,
why did you wonder, hunter,
why,
what the thunder said
and the wind in the sky?
Why lightning flashed? Why fire burned?
Why the grass grew when the rains returned?
Why did you want to know?

Hunter, the answers which you found
were pointers, certainly.
We think we know
why the world goes round,
a speck in a Universe deep-star-drowned
in Time and Space,
and we
have split the links of the chain that bound
the strength of Nature. We have crowned
mankind's achievements—
laid our hands
on the Universal key
of power . . .

Hunter, why do you laugh
in a nightmare dream at me?

R. C. S.

At the Pictures

BALLET AND BULLETS

THE immediately refreshing effect of an unfamiliar scene and one or two flamboyant, amusing characters makes *Spectre of the Rose* (Director: BEN HECHT) attractive from the start. Mr. HECHT produced (and wrote) as well as directing, so that this is essentially as much of a one-man film as his last, *Angels Over Broadway*; and it's no less worth consideration. It has flaws, but interesting flaws.

When Alistair Cooke was a B.B.C. film critic he recalled having seen prominently displayed in (I think) the film-production office of Messrs. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who were then working together, the warning notice:

WHAT'S THE AUDIENCE DOING ALL THAT TIME? It is a sound thought for film-makers to keep in mind, and *Spectre of the Rose* is a good example of its correct application. I believe that here there is, almost literally, never a dull moment; and there are several scenes that give one a keen pleasure. Among these I would pick out the political wrangle on the stairs (the stairs are used several times to good effect); the cheerful wedding-party with the sentimental host; and the constantly-interrupted love-dialogue in the hotel lobby.

I am thinking of the direction of this last, the handling of the scene, not of what is actually said; for Mr. HECHT's dialogue, though always out of the ordinary and often amusing, tends to be too rich and strange for continuous use. LIONEL STANDER appears as a poet whose remarks resemble those of newspapermen of an older generation: painstaking cynicism, expressed in polysyllables as far-fetched and highly-coloured as *Roget* can provide. He is meant, I think, sometimes to make a slightly pathetic impression, as of Caliban in love; but when his

talk is aimed quite seriously, as it occasionally is, it seems out of key.

The plot is another of those variations on schizophrenia: the young ballet-dancer is attacked by periods of madness, during which he is liable to

stick in one's mind—MICHAEL CHEKHOV as an old balletomane, JUDITH ANDERSON as the teacher of dancing, and Mr. STANDER.

No less interesting, in a more obvious, slick and customary way, is *The Big Sleep* (Director: HOWARD HAWKS). One of the pleasant things about this is the emergence of HUMPHREY BOGART as a comedian. There is a very funny scene here in which he turns up the front brim of his hat, puts on glasses, and affects an interest in first editions; and another in which he and LAUREN BACALL dazzlingly demonstrate a shattering method of dealing with an unwanted telephone-call. I could watch these scenes again and again with delight.

In the main, though, the film is as "tough" as they come. The guns bark, the fists (and the wise) crack, the powerful sleek cars crunch over the gravel and draw up outside darkened houses at night as the background music becomes stern and menacing . . .

The story is by RAYMOND CHANDLER (who wrote *Farewell, My Lovely*), and follows the pattern of such things in being sexy, violent and funny by turns. The speed of narration is prodigious, the plot confusing—if it occurs to you to pay any attention to it. When I had the curiosity afterwards to read the closely-typed summary of the story, some seven hundred words of it, I found that there had been reasons for everything: this character had been blackmailing that, another had really been the murderer of a fourth, and so on. But my failure to realize these things at the time had not made the slightest difference; every moment had been absorbing.

A final note on *Blue Skies* (Director: STUART HEISLER), a Technicolor musical much of which is very bright indeed. It offers several stretches of pure enjoyment, clouded on occasion only by the thought that this is to be FRED ASTAIRE's last film. R. M.



J.H. DOWD

[Spectre of the Rose]

ROSY OUTLOOK

<i>La Belle Sylph</i>	JUDITH ANDERSON
<i>Gans</i>	LIONEL STANDER
<i>Sanine</i>	IVAN KIROV
<i>Haidi</i>	VIOLA ESSEN
<i>Polikoff</i>	MICHAEL CHEKHOV

kill any wife he may have at the time. IVAN KIROV as this unfortunate, and VIOLA ESSEN as the ballerina who loves him, make a charming pair, but the "characters" are the people who



J.H. DOWD

ROMANTIC INTERLUDE

<i>Phil Marlow</i>	HUMPHREY BOGART
<i>Vivian</i>	LAUREN BACALL

Normandy, 1946

VII

I AM caught sitting up in bed darning a sock by an elderly nannie-like maid who makes to snatch it away till I persuade her we rambles have our pride. Leaning a plump elbow on the end of the bed she speaks without bitterness of twice losing her home in Rouen with everything she possessed. I tell her what I have seen of the shambles of the Ruhr cities and in her quiet, tired voice she says "It is not enough." . . . To-day I go to Pont Audemer. In Beuzeville there is a tablet on the wall of the church: "*Ici, le 6 Août 1944, furent martyrisés par les traîtres et la Gestapo*"—five names—"Patriotes maquisards." On the way my instinct to take my rucksack against all rules on my knee is powerfully justified, when a large package blows off the roof of the bus. Sitting at the back I am the only one who sees it go. The temptation to say nothing is enormous, but Puritan upbringing will out and I raise a feeble cry of "Chauffeur!" This is immediately taken up by thirty lusty voices and a fine, dramatic scene ensues. "*Eufs, sans doute,*" grunts an old lady in black beside me, without looking round. . . .

I think Pont Audemer is my favourite of the towns of Calvados. It is a real farmers' town, with proper shops undiluted by chain stores, and at one end of the main street a hill, rising sharply above the old roofs, momentarily suggests Savoy. You can sit all day outside one of the cafés opposite the church (which is a beauty) watching Norman life go by; and I do. The pavement has thick iron rings in it where the farmers' wives tie up their horses when they come in to market in their high, swaying gigs. Under the shadow of the church are stalls heavy with fruit and flowers. A gunsmith and a window full of glinting axes and the office of the local paper fill in the background comfortably, and everyone who passes, handsome leathery men and women in bright frocks, knows everyone else and has the time and sense to talk. . . . The extraordinary modernity of French prams is very striking. They are streamlined to a degree which makes Malcolm Campbell's racers look like taxis. Perhaps it is in this way the French assuage their thwarted passion for design until the post-war cars are born. . . .

My host here is an old friend, and to-night we sit up talking over a decanter of noble Calvados, in which a

pear is kept soaking for the comfort of the spirit. The Germans knew of this decanter, he says, but whenever they asked it somehow happened to be empty. They never noticed, being Germans, that the pear was always wet. He lost a wing of his splendid old inn in one of the bombardments, and his cellar went too. I ask him why wine is so scarce in Normandy that a decent bottle in a modest restaurant costs at least a pound and that in grocers' shops you see "*Vins aux travailleurs de force,*" just as if it were miners' cheese in England. He says, first the Germans, and now export. At the last sale at the Hospice de Beaune he had to pay the absurd price of 400 francs a bottle. He is a great man of the theatre, and tells me *Murder in the Cathedral* was magnificently done in Paris and made a deep impression; that the rather pretentious Existentialist play about hell, *Huis Clos*, was taken no more seriously there than it was in London. We loosen our ties and settle the future of Europe. . . .

L'HOROSCOPE QUOTIDIEN

Les enfants nés ce jour seront de santé fragile et tout surmenage devra leur être épargné. Leurs fonctions digestives demanderont une surveillance serrée. Ils seront sensibles aux refroidissements et aux intoxications. Cependant, leur organisme résistant, une bonne hygiène alimentaire, des soins éclairés, leur permettront de franchir les caps difficiles.

France-soir.

My last two ports of call, I am afraid, are on the secret list. They are both as perfect as they were in 1939. One is a little village on the Seine, and it is not Caudebec (badly smashed, they say, when our light bombers caught a panzer concentration massed by the ferry). There is nothing there to do but

doze over a red-tipped float and listen to the big steamers purring up and down the river. The other is a hamlet in the V.I. country, between the Seine and Dieppe, which revolves round an inn of crumbling pink brick where the *patron* himself cooks like a master in a great kitchen which is also the hall, its walls lined with polished copper and fading Norman pottery. Defiantly he still uses wine for his sauces where most chefs have fallen back apologetically on cider. A pillar of the Resistance, his happiest memory is the obliteration of a new V.I. site by the R.A.F. forty-eight hours after he had released an intelligence pigeon from his yard. Of the hundreds of German high-ups who stayed with him he says Doenitz was the most civilized, Raeder about the most horrible. . . .

And now, alas! I am in the boat going home, wondering about the present Normandy for a family holiday. All my innkeeping friends have assured me they cannot expect many English unless prices fall or a special tourist franc is arranged. I haven't seen a single Englishman west of Deauville, though a few must have been lurking somewhere. Transport is difficult, but it is becoming easy to take a car, the roads are good enough and there is petrol. Really it boils down to a sordid question of money. Modest fun means two to three pounds a day. But if you can overcome so vulgar an obstacle, then some of the nicest inns in Europe are there, almost empty and with larders innocent of Mr. Strachey, in time-soaked towns and villages among rich, unspoiled country. And of the welcome that is waiting it is impossible to speak too gratefully.

ERIC.

"A team of six Swedish scientists is leaving Gothenburg to-morrow to study the unexploded regions of the Upper Amazon." *Sunday paper.*

Taking an atom with them?



An Innocent at Large

(Mr. Punch's special representative is spending the next few months in America to find out what is really happening over there.)

I—Going . . . Going . . .

I'M not saying that the preliminaries to embarkation are as easy as filling up a form, or anything like that, but I do claim that most people exaggerate abominably when they tell you how exhausting it is to get a visa.

The American Embassy (in Grosvenor Street) was suspiciously quiet when I arrived at precisely 10.30 A.M. After a little trouble with a swing door I penetrated to a depth of about fifteen yards and was then challenged by a morose-looking man with silver buttons down his waistcoat whom I instantly recognized as not being the Ambassador.

"Could you tell me where I have to go to get a visa?" I said.

He waited for a few seconds as though he expected me to develop and embroider this theme I had begun so boldly.

"What kind d'you want?" he said.

"Well, what kinds have you?" I said, and immediately wished I hadn't. Nobody likes to have his question fobbed off with a counter-question. He didn't. So I smiled as explicitly as possible and then let myself go limp

and utterly helpless. I told him that I had hoped to stay in the United States for about three months but that if . . .

"Ah, then you comes *this* way," he said, hurrying off down a long concrete corridor.

I felt horribly raw and inexperienced as I took my seat at the end of the queue. All the other applicants looked so confident, word-perfect and full of much better excuses than mine. But when I had told myself repeatedly for an hour or so that this was not a competitive examination and that my chances were not really jeopardized by the presence of the brown pin-striped magnate my nervousness gradually left me. It seems ridiculous, I know, but very soon I actually began to look forward to the interview, joked about it ("Veni, Vici—Visa," I whispered to my neighbour) and pooh-poohed every alarmist rumour. You get this with mercurial temperaments.

As time wore on the weaklings were winkled out. First one man, then another, would get to his feet with a sigh, pull his hat well down over his eyes and shuffle out into the street and the rain. And the rest of us would immediately throw ourselves forward into the breaches. The movement loosened our tongues and we began to converse in low tones about the approaching ordeal. Had we remembered the photographs? Did someone say we needed three? There was panic in the inquirer's voice.

I should explain, perhaps, that to get a visa a man must present himself in person at the Embassy with certain instruments—various credentials and letters of credit, a modern passport, two photographs and ten shillings. He can take other things along too if he likes, but the above constitute the basic minimum demands of the authorities. One of my references was a gem. It told whom it concerned that I was just about the safest thing to admit anywhere without let or hindrance and that I was "possessed of means." This "possessed of means" stuff is misleading: it merely denotes the second lowest category of customers recognized by a banker. The complete schedule, I understand, goes like this:

- "A man of wealth" (£50,000 and over)
- "A man of property" (£10,000—£50,000)
- "A man of means" (£1,000—£10,000)
- "A man possessed of means" (£1—£1,000)
- "A man possessed" (£1—£1,000 overdrawn)
- "A man" (Doesn't bank here any more)

I hope this doesn't give away any professional secrets.

My interview with the Vice-Consul was entirely satisfactory. We parted on the friendliest terms, he to his lunch and I to the girl with the typewriter and the fifteen awkward questions. She asked me (on behalf of the U.S. Department of Justice) all about my aliases, height, weight, eyes, hair, complexion and marital status. I told her that I had certainly *not* been arrested or indicted for, or convicted of, any offence (or offences), or been affiliated with or active in (a member of, official of, a worker for) organizations devoted in whole or in part to influencing or furthering in the United States the political activities, public relations or public policy of any other government. And I need not tell you, as I told her, that answering questions like these is child's-play to any Englishman. From that moment I knew that there would be no language difficulty about my trip.



"What you need, my dear man, is a visa."

By the time I ran up against the Federal Bureau of Investigation I was rather tired and very hungry, but Question 17 shook me. It said:

EVER BEEN FINGERPRINTED?

I saw at once that there could be no hedging here, for it followed up with:

YES, OR NO?

It was all done very quickly: first the right-hand—thumb, index, middle, ring and little fingers—then the left, then four fingers taken simultaneously, then two thumbs. No

nose-prints such as are used to identify greyhounds, no rubbings. They made rather a jolly all-over pattern on the card and the nice assistant who held my hand throughout the operation congratulated me warmly on their clarity. When I modestly pointed out a blurred patch near the centre of the left thumb-print he told me that some whorls have ears.

And that was all. They gave me a rag to wipe my fingers, handed me my visa and wished me bon voyage. And if the Editor will hold back this article until I am clear of the airport I shall soon be an alien among friends. Barring extradition, of course. Hod.

View from My Balcony

I SAW you coming round the square, Lady Madison-Brown, and I thought to myself, there go the years! there goes the war!

Nothing has changed! You were still wearing your mink coat, your shoes were still little black stilts throwing you forward on your nose

so that you seemed to be running eagerly to a date with an impatient lover, or else an ambassador who must not be kept waiting. Your hat was just as foolish

as it used to be, and under its veil dotted with stars I could see your face, as satin smooth as a bowl of cream.

It wasn't that I despised you quite, but you made me sad.

Nothing has changed, I thought, nothing has advanced in the least.

We all turn from the future and go back for our old selves, and finding them again, greet them with joyful cries of love.

Every day for us now is a resurrection morning, Excelsior! we cry, as we put on our white suède gloves.

Yes, you had gloves; you were unmistakably a lady as you came round the square on your way out to tea: and so

I was rather surprised when halfway along I saw you place the point of your blue silk umbrella on the railings, and rattle it cheerfully along till you reached my door. As you passed I could hear you were whistling too, through your veil.

Perhaps if there'd been a tin you would have kicked it.

Who knows?

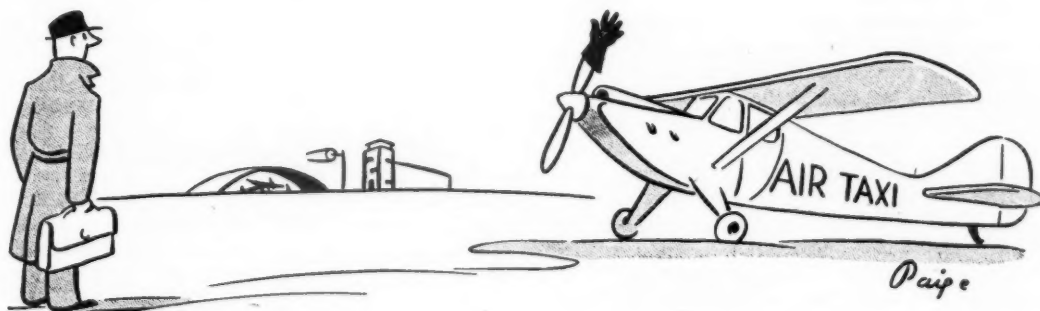
Perhaps you had forgotten for a moment who you were, and had become again one of those nondescript women wearing blue uniforms and sensible shoes and tin hats, who did not keep up appearances, having none to sustain, who whistled a lot because they were terribly frightened, who rattled along the railings for no better reason than that it made a lovely noise and was the greatest fun?

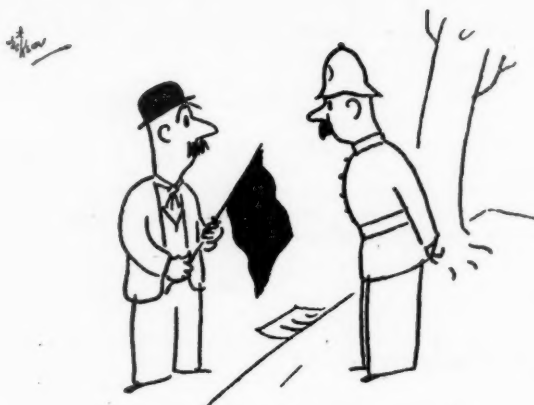
I loved you, Lady Madison-Brown, for this brief moment, for I remembered (what I do not often remember) that you were among the first to lay aside her mink coat, the first to put her fond fantastic hats on the top shelf,

the first to climb off her stilts and into Wellington boots; and it is just you should be among the first to try to recapture

the fragrance of all the elegant days you missed so much; and you shall certainly come round the square dressed like a lady

if it makes you happy: particularly as you are so much more of a lady than you have any idea. V. G.





"Have you seen a steam-roller?"

To a Liar and Thief

LOW mechanician, past all utterance vile,
With oily visage and yet oilier smile,
To whose false hands, by empty hopes bewrayed,
My typewriter I carelessly conveyed:
How long, dull rascal, must we still protract
The dreary tedium of this mirthless act?
Four weeks, O perjured! was the time you said;
Since then four months, four priceless months have
fled,
And still you greet me with the same old tune:
You should, you hope, be "coming to it soon."
Meanwhile I droop, my vital powers are sapped;
My flights have flown, my raptures all are rapt.
What skill were Orpheus' of his lute bereft,
What honeyed Crosby's with his palate cleft?
So I, deprived of those melodious keys—
Phœbus forgive you!—sink to lines like these.

I know it now! With that good engine's aid
Yourself you mean to ply the poet's trade;
You too would flaunt before the vulgar gaze
The eyes of flame, the temples bound with
bays.

Alas, poor ruffian! never may you know
On what dire terms the gods their gifts bestow;
To that machine there is attached a curse
That spreads to more than merely writing verse.
Two elder minstrels beat their way to fame
Upon its keys, and third to me it came:
Castalia's fount the first profusely quaffed
Yet died the addict of a maltier draught;
The second lies, forgetful of his lyre,
Beneath the stream that once he set on fire;
And I, the last-born of the fated throng,
In birth the last, yet first in pride of song—
Ah, probe no further, bid me not relate
What rumour whispers of my mental state;
Enough to own that I revealed it true
The day I left my typewriter with you. M. H. L.

More Facts

CONTINUING along the lines of a recent article, which gave my readers some facts on things, I want first to mention the very well known fact that teapots drip. All of them. I think I have touched on this before, but not quite so angrily, and it may cheer people to know that someone else feels as they do at times that this is the best-known fact there is. I haven't got anything to say about it, except what everyone does say at such times—that anyone who invented a non-dripping teapot would make a fortune; and why this hasn't been invented yet is perhaps because that remark is taken for what it is, an excuse for a messy bit of pouring out, rather than as a practical contribution to progress.

Now I want to move along to what, for all we know, the shops call glassware; by which I mean the glasses we drink from. The main facts about glasses are that some have stems and some do not, and that the stemmed kind are of many different and significant sizes. Connoisseurs of course know all about glass-sizes in the abstract, but it is left to simple, homely folk—the kind who have reached whatever their degree of sophistication so imperceptibly that they sometimes surprise themselves—to arrive at the really fine distinctions between one type of sherry-glass and another. These are the people who, after careful water-pouring tests in the kitchen, know that the thin fluted glasses equal the thick dented ones, that the engraved one holds a little more but that it would be mean not to fill it like the others, and that the small unselfish one will do for them themselves in an emergency. Such people have earned the trust of their friends (who have got their own glasses at home equally taped) and may get away with the most complicated manœuvres with three different widths of tumbler and a bottle of Algerian wine. An undoubted fact about expensive glasses is that they break more easily than cheap ones, though this means no more than that when we break an expensive glass we realize we could have broken a cheap one instead, whereas when we break a cheap one all we realize is that we have broken it.

The patterns some glasses wear round their rims are many and varied, but if asked to choose a norm my readers would probably vote for the key-pattern on a criss-crossed background; which reminds me that there is a much more definite norm in pudding-basin patterns. I don't mean plain white basins, which boast nothing more than a simple turned-down cuff, but the big yellow ones. These go in almost exclusively for the egg-and-dart in some form or other. Sociologists have no idea why, but it is rather a nice fact to know if you have long to wait in an ironmonger's.

Sociologists are also interested in a kitchen instrument which they define haltingly as a square thin flat metal thing with holes on a wooden handle and you use it to turn things in frying-pans with. They are interested because they believe it has no name; they call it a dingbat, but do not think this is anything more than a whimsical improvisation on their part.

I wonder if my readers can take a hard fact about the

This issue of Punch again contains extra pages in accordance with our promise to compensate readers for the pages previously lost owing to the Printing Trade dispute.

home-made fluted lamp-shade? I mean those of my readers who have actually made such a lamp-shade, because those who haven't would probably not notice. The fact is that some little time after the lamp-shade is made and fitted on and has roped in the praise it becomes strangely active; its flutings sidle into clumps in a way lamp-shade makers find extremely annoying. Slew and fiddle as lamp-shade makers may, the best they can do with such a shade is to get it half right and turn the other half where it won't show until someone else turns it round again. Plain unfluted lamp-shades present no such problem, because the people who might make them rarely get further than curling up a sheet of notepaper so that one end is wider and deciding they would have to re-learn geometry before they could deal with the bottom edge.

It has occurred to me that the spotlight of objective truth might advantageously be turned on to bank-customers, their relations with one another and with the people behind the wire netting. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about people who wait their turn in a bank is the atmosphere of best behaviour that they bring with them. Let my readers try to imagine how a bank queue would deal with anyone jumping it, and they will see what I mean; for it is impossible even to imagine the queue. Bank customers do not queue, they wait their turn with an apparently nonchalant eye to the person in front, just in case; and if it does happen that the person behind them—I mean morally behind them, because in a bank this may be to the left or right or even in front—if the person behind them shoves in first, all they can do is move closer so that it doesn't happen again; but any such self-seeking action is masked in that urbanity which reaches its climax when one customer is looking for the pen another customer is just finishing with. As for the people behind the wire netting, I don't have to remind my readers how the customers deal with them: how they cannot even say they will have it in ones without making the statement a gesture of bonhomie. Psychologists say they would think working in a bank a soft life if they did not also think it must be hell, what with adding things up all day and getting shut into the bank for goodness knows how long after it has closed to the public. A bank closes, by the way, like nothing else except anywhere we hope to find still open—I mean, there is a finality about those solid doors which can only be compared with the blank look of any other shut-up shop you can think of. Before I finish with banks I must mention the fine eager calendar, concentrating on the day's date and trusted as probably no other calendar is, and the clock, a conventional model with a round wooden rim and Roman figures and, like the calendar, an air of utter honesty. Nor can I leave out the letter-rack where banks keep the little bits of paper customers may need; because I think even the most unobservant of my readers will agree that if these are not made of dark-brown wood, in steeply raked tiers with a hint of a curve somewhere, then they ought to be.

The next fact I want to record is the undeniable one that it is extremely difficult to remember a tune you have forgotten. Listening to a tune they like, my readers will feel they have really got it now—perhaps by the way it goes up or down at the beginning, or by its similarity to some other tune—only to find later that all they can remember is the tune it was similar to. Five minutes' milling round in their heads among the limited notes of the scale will leave them worse off, having now got saddled with another tune even less like it, and their best course is to drop the thing or to go and ask someone else to sing it; but psychologists say that only rarely do people actually ask other people to sing to them—though whether this is

out of consideration for the embarrassment they themselves would feel in being asked to start up in cold blood like that, or whether it is because people just don't want to encourage other people to sing, psychologists do not know. Anyway the usual procedure is to wait to hear the tune again, to find that we more or less know it but can't sing it out loud (I mean out loud to ourselves), and soon after that to be able to burst into it whenever we want to impress other people in a way that can only be achieved by bursting into that particular tune.

My last fact has nothing to do with the one before, indeed it has nothing much to do with anything except that brussels sprouts are coming into season. It is just that, so far as the sprout-buying public is concerned, the name of this vegetable might as well be spelt "brussel sprouts" or even "brussels prouts," for it is impossible to do its structure full justice; and that in this respect it is the exact opposite of "eighth," a word that has always worried the public by getting better treatment at the public's own hands than it gets from, of all things, the dictionary.

o o

"HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE"

Foreword: The Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, M.P., Minister of Health.

7/6

A profusely illustrated book on our future dwellings, for the man in the street.—*Advt. in "Times Educational Supplement."*

Precisely!





"It fought for years against rising taxation, but at last it surrendered."

To an Air Hostess

YOU smiled (meaning "Kindly don't fiddle—
Hand over those straps and sit still"),
Then lashed me down hard by my middle
With nonchalant skill.

You warned me the Pilot Is Master
At All Times. (All right, I agree,
But don't—in the face of disaster—
Come running to me.)

You nipped your snub nose, and inflated
Each ear, to ease strain on the drum—
A daft thing to see demonstrated.
You handed me gum.

You plied me with peanuts in packets,
And *canapés*, and (of course) tea;
You showed me the cutest of jackets
To wear in the sea.

You dusted the crumbs from my tunic,
You brought me an aerial plan,
And proved we were somewhere near Munich,
Or Basle, or Milan.

You shut off the louvre which made frisky
My hair. Then my oxygen mask
You tested. You said there was whisky—
I'd only to ask.

You gave me a book called *Why Truman?*
You hoped that I didn't feel ill;
You smiled like the lovely young woman
You are. There is still

A grievance that tiresomely lingers,
A scourge that not you can defy:
My fountain pen still floods my fingers
Whenever I fly.



DAY BREAKS IN NUREMBERG.



"Well, you shouldn't have gone away and left it unoccupied."

Home Chat

"HULLLO, darling, I'm so glad you're home. Well, sort of, although I have been rather dreading it all day."

"Oh, why?"

"I kept thinking I heard you, and hoping it would be, then being so relieved to find it wasn't."

"What have you broken now?"

"I have found something out. I don't know whether you'd like a drink first, darling. If so, do have one. You know what there is."

"I don't know yet what I'll need."

"We promised to be honest with one another, darling. Cards on the table. Face it, you used to say."

"Face up, I think I said."

"No, that was chin up, darling."

"What are we talking about?"

"I know I must seem funny to you, because Peter has said so; he has an unfailing intuition for knowing when I am going to seem funny to you as soon as you come home."

"Perhaps he would ring me up another time."

"Perhaps so, but the longer I look it up the funnier I seem, and you

wouldn't know what was the matter unless I told you, so I am going to come straight out with it."

"And start, if you will, my pet, as near the end as possible."

"Darling, I was looking through some of your old things."

"I know. You can look right through them now. The trousers are like muslin."

"I was searching for something of mine, and when you start looking like that you find all sorts of other things which are much more interesting, so in the end I came across a lot of letters in an old attaché case. Well, envelopes they were really, and what seemed so peculiar was that they were all sealed up. I don't know if you can remember, darling, why you sealed them up."

"Perhaps because I found there was gum on the flaps."

"I want you not to be funny or suspicious or bad-tempered darling..."

"How do you like *this* expression?"

"I hope you are struck like it. The letters were all addressed to different people."

"If they had all been addressed to the same one it would have made a better story."

"They had not been stamped, or posted."

"The last point would be explained by the last but one."

"I want you not to be sarcastic or pedantic, please, because if the letters had all been addressed to you I should have understood, and for a moment I did remember a girl called Dulcie who got married and had a pouffe which she had made herself, one of those lovely big things you sit on and they tilt over or buckle up immediately. One day some people came with a dog and while they were chatting the dog worried this pouffe so much in its mischievous puppyish way that it began to pull out the stuffing, and the girl didn't notice until too late, because what she had done, foolishly I must say, was to stuff the pouffe with old love-letters, she thinking it would be so nice for her husband to sit on, but nobody was more surprised when the dog started scattering the letters round the room than her husband

because they were not from him, and the girl had to explain that if they had been she would not have used them as waste paper, and that in any case perhaps it would have been better to have burned these, but as I know a girl never does burn love-letters however much she loves her husband, and what with this frightful dog leaping round the room with them in its teeth and offering them to people, and springing out of reach every time she tried to catch him . . ."

"I think we might have a drink now, darling. This seems to be the end of Act I."

"I want you not to ridicule me, darling, or burlesque everything, because at first I did think these might be love-letters you had kept."

"Oh, don't be such a fool."

"Fool, sweetheart?"

"Well, don't imagine I'd be such a fool, then."

"When I saw they were not addressed to you, but by you to other people, and were neither stamped nor posted, I decided you had written them before battle."

"One short one, possibly, my sweet, to you. But if you imagine that while Montgomery was crossing the

Rhine we had opportunity to circularize all our friends before each advance . . ."

"I thought that if you had done, and they should have been worth publishing, I ought to know about it, but as they were all stuck up it rather took the gilt off the gingerbread."

"And no doubt the saliva off the tongue."

"I want you not to be vulgar, darling, or just plain filthy. And the next thing I thought was that you were going to run away, or end it all, and were writing to explain your reasons to everyone except me, which would mean I was going to get the blame, or that maybe you wanted to borrow money, and knew I hadn't any because you forgot to leave me any this morning. But even so I could hardly believe you would write to the Fitz-Pinto's, Uncle Frank, and your darling Valerie Gough all at the same time, and in the same kind of envelope, so I just opened one to see. And I now find they are last year's Christmas cards which we got ready together, I writing on the cards, and you on the envelopes, and sticking them down because you said it seemed so stingy not to. And you, you blundering,

forgetful, pompous old lunatic, were going to post them next day in the city. So all I can say is that, wondering what on earth people have thought all this time, never hearing from us at all, I have had to ring everybody up to-day and tell them the story just as I have told it to you, and if the telephone bill is higher than ever this quarter you need not put the blame on me this time."

CHRISTMAS CARDS

THE Grenfell Mission is again issuing a series of Christmas Cards in aid of its welfare work amongst the fishermen of Labrador and Northern Newfoundland. The cards are attractive, and the cause—the Mission runs hospitals, schools and other welfare activities along the thousand-mile coast-line which it serves—is a good one. An illustrated leaflet (price 1d.) showing the cards offered this year can be had from the Secretary, The Grenfell Association, 66 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, from whom the cards themselves (10d. each in colour; 5d. in black and white) may also be obtained.



"I suppose it was captured from a German submarine."

Rather an Odd Affair

"TALKING of queer happenings," said Fobster. He knocked out his pipe, threw his watch in the fire, and looked round the little circle. Not that we had been talking about queer happenings at all, but this never worried Fobster once he had got his pipe knocked out and was launched into one of his stories. There were about thirty-five of us round the club fire that night, counting from left to right. Sipping our gin pahits we composed ourselves to listen. We hadn't really any choice.

"I was only a staff-captain at the time," began Fobster. "I'd been at G.H.Q. for about two months. I'd come down from the Frontier, where I'd been mixed up in one or two little disagreements with friend Wazir." Noticing that about half of us looked blank and that the rest of us were asleep, he paused to replenish his pipe—which had long been making noises like a horizontal milling-machine—with his favourite mixture, Old Blotter. This took about half an hour.

"Well, as I was saying," went on Fobster, "they gave me quite a nice little berth in the Disorganization Directorate, and quite a nice little office to work in. I tried to make it as homely and comfortable as I could. Had my skates and oars hanging up on one wall and a few sporting prints on another, got in a few easy-chairs, tobacco-jars, and what-have-you. You see, I thought I might easily be there for the duration. But as it turned out I was quite wrong.

"The work wasn't very exacting. I had two files, one called 'Disorg. General' and the other 'Disorg. Misc.' I also lost no time, as you can imagine, in getting a scrap-book going, in which I put photographs, pressed flowers, any interesting fragments of food I came across, and the odd staff sergeant or havildar clerk, when I could bag them, which wasn't often, I can tell you. With all this I was kept interested, if not exactly busy. As I say, it was just a question of sticking it out. Something was bound to turn up. To vary the monotonous round I had an occasional visit from the A.D. Disorg.—rather an interesting chap, incidentally, who had been an instructor at the Staff College and kept a camel in his staff officer's notebook. Once the old D. Disorg. himself looked in to borrow a hockey-stick and a candle. There were bats in his office, it appeared. This was long before we got electric light laid on of course.

"There seemed to be no particular reason why this sort of existence shouldn't go on for ever. And then one day my whole world was changed overnight."

Once again Fobster glanced round the little circle. Old Colonel Sugsmith, of the Indian Railway Police, put down his copy of *Blackwood's* and ordered another round of gin pahits. "And put some stingo in them this time," he admonished the cringing bearer. "The last one tasted like whitewash. And talking of whitewash," he began. Fobster hurriedly regained control of the situation.

"One morning," he said, "I came into my office at about half past ten with the uncomfortable feeling that I was not alone. Looking round the cosy little room I immediately saw the reason. I was *not* alone. There in the most comfortable easy-chair sat the queerest-looking little lieutenant-colonel you ever saw. He couldn't have been more than five feet high, and his fat little legs hardly touched the floor. His eyes were closed and his wrinkled little face was all screwed up as though he had been asleep for some time. He was totally bald except for a small ginger-coloured quiff.

"Sorry, sir, I didn't notice you," I said. His eyes opened for a moment, but he made no reply. After a bit I thought it best to leave him to sleep it off. I sat down at my desk, got the old pipe going, took my files out and started work. But somehow I didn't seem able to concentrate. I kept looking out of the corner of my eye at that lieutenant-colonel and wondering who on earth he was. I was pretty certain I'd never seen him before; but then there were plenty of G.H.Q. officers I didn't know. There were plenty of Disorg. officers I didn't know, for that matter, and he might be a touring officer from some lower formation. He definitely worried me, though. After a bit, as it turned out, it was one o'clock. 'How about some tiffin, sir?' I said. He didn't reply. I put my hand on his arm and his eyes opened, then closed again. I decided to leave him. It was probably some sort of security check, I thought, and by the time I came back from lunch he'd be gone.

"But he wasn't. He was still there, and there he stayed all afternoon. Somehow I couldn't keep my attention on the old scrap-book. It was uncanny the way he sat there, not doing or saying anything. Five o'clock came.

'Well, time to pack up,' I said cheerily. No reply. 'You coming, sir?' He didn't say anything. It was a damned awkward situation. For a moment I thought of sending for a doctor. But what was the use? There was nothing wrong with the man. If he chose to spend the night in my room there was nothing I could do about it. Anyhow, he was certain to have gone by morning. As an afterthought I told the *chaprassi* to buy some currant buns, and I put these together with some cold tea on a small table by the side of the old boy's chair. 'Well, night-night,' I said, trying to make light of the matter.

"I had rather a heavy night as it turned out, and next morning I'd completely forgotten the whole thing. So when I arrived at the office I got the surprise of my life to find he was still there. I got a double surprise, because he wasn't a lieutenant-colonel any more. He was a full colonel, with red tabs and everything. 'Congrats, sir,' I said, trying to put a good face on the matter. His eyes opened, but he didn't say anything. I began to wonder what I'd done to deserve this. Was he definitely settling down in my office for the duration? Why had he picked on me? It wasn't fair. I sat down at my desk, picked up the phone and asked the A.D. Disorg. if he could possibly step round for a moment. He came in with a butterfly-net in his hand. 'Oh, sorry, sir,' he said, when he saw the colonel. 'Who's your little friend, Fobster?' he asked. I told him the whole story. He thought hard for a moment. 'If you take my advice, Fobster,' he said, 'I should say nothing about it. I believe you can get seven years for this.' And that was all the change I got out of him.

"That evening, before I went home, I left a cold suet-pudding and some *nimbu pani* by the colonel's side. I was curious to see what would happen. And of course my worst fears were realized. In the morning the man, if he was a man, had become a brigadier. By this time I was in a regular panic. If, as the A.D. Disorg. had said, you could get seven years for keeping a colonel in your office, what could you get for keeping a brigadier? There was only one thing to be done. I must hide him. As it happened, there was a large cupboard in one corner of my office, which had once contained taxidermist's equipment but was now empty. Acting on the impulse of the moment, I picked up the brigadier, chair and all, and shoved him into the



"You're in luck, Mr. Walters! 'Tisn't very often you get your usual nowadays, is it?"

cupboard. He was surprisingly light. I closed the door firmly and resolved to forget the whole incident. Probably in a few days the brigadier would just wither away, particularly if he had no food. I should then be free of this encumbrance, which was threatening to turn my life into a living hell, an insupportable nightmare."

Fobster paused and filled his pipe. The atmosphere of sheer boredom in the room could be felt as a physical thing. "I left the office that evening," he went on, "with a light heart and re-entered it with a light heart next morning. But I had reckoned without the demon of curiosity. All morning I sat at my desk, listening and waiting. I sat there fighting the impulse to go and look into that cupboard. What would happen if I did? Would the sinister figure of a major-general meet my eyes? And would his hat-badge have changed as well as his rank-badges? The suspense was almost unendurable.

"I fought my curiosity for three days. Then, on the morning of the fourth day, my resistance suddenly snapped. With a wild cry I rose from my desk and rushed to the cupboard. I flung open the door. For a time I could see nothing in the darkness. Then I screamed. There in the arm-chair sat a field-marshal. His eyes were open. And even as I stood there staring he rose to his feet, his left hand groping for his baton.

"I did not wait. In a couple of seconds I was out of the room, and in another couple of seconds I was in the Director's office sobbing out my story to a bewildered but kindly brigadier. 'Come, come, Fobster, you're overwrought,' he said at last, patting me on the shoulder. 'Now we'll go back to your office and see if there's anything in this story of yours.'

"We entered my office cautiously, the Director first. The door of the fatal cupboard was open. The empty arm-chair could be seen inside. A few

crumbs of suet lay about on the floor. But of the mysterious field-marshal there was not a trace. I thought I heard slow footsteps dying away in the distance.

"We looked at each other, the Director and I. 'I think, Fobster, you'd better go home and lie down for a bit,' he said at last.

"'But, sir, I can assure you—'

"'H'm. I wonder.' A peculiar look had come into the brigadier's eye. 'There may be something in your story.' He got into the cupboard, sat down in the arm-chair, and closed his eyes. 'And now leave me, Fobster. I wish to be alone. And you might tell the *chaprassi* to get me some tea and bathbuns.'

There was a long silence as Fobster's voice died away.

"And did the brigadier—?" I asked at last, as nobody else offered to do so. But Fobster had already knocked himself out and stuffed his pipe up the chimney.

Watery Maze

CAN anybody tell me what to tell Tommy? I have left his cable unanswered for two days now, and unless I am to confess myself at a loss, and thus forfeit the trust and confidence which he has so gratifyingly reposed in me, I ought to answer it by Friday at the latest.

Tommy was with me in the war. He had been in the Colonial Service, but somehow, owing to a liaison with the Supplementary Reserve amounting almost to a *mésalliance* on the part of the latter, he managed to scramble into active operations. His previous service had left its mark on him: as was evident from its effect on his vocabulary. He always referred to villages as kraals, generals as headmen and bodies of troops as impis. He used to proclaim *jehads* against the quartermaster, and accuse the P.M.C. of mistaking the onset of Ramadan. Streams to him were never streams but always *wadis*, *nullahs* or *chaungs*; even while we were training in England churches—whether with or without spires or towers—were pagodas, mosques or temples. Civilians to him were villagers, allotments were Reserved Forests, and he was on the look-out for snakes long before the pubs opened.

It was a real delight, therefore, to see him again in London three months ago. He was clapping his hands and calling "Boy!" in a restaurant. I spent the rest of the evening with him, and was delighted to hear that, on reporting back to the Colonial Office for duty a few days before, he had been told of his selection to be the next Administrator of Whitsun Island. He had been attached to the Colonial Office for two months to read up the files about Whitsun, and to study the problems that beset it. We reminisced far into the night, and I finally left him in Waterloo Place fanning the imaginary flames of an imaginary camp-fire with an imaginary bush-hat.

We foregathered several times thereafter. He would have been a bore about Whitsun Island had not his enthusiasm been so disarming and so infectious. He spent the whole of one evening setting forth with crystal clarity the vexed question of the long-standing feud between the Dyaks and the indigenous natives, with special emphasis on the complicated system of land tenure obtaining in the island. Another time he dwelt on the inevitable consequences of the stranglehold of the Indian *banya* on the native economy. On another occasion still, he

proved, beyond my capacity to argue, that the infiltration of Chinese traders over the last twenty years did not in any way conflict with, but rather offered enhanced prospects to, the guano-workers' community, who were, indeed, the more likely to thrive as a result of this healthy stimulus of competition.

Little by little he fired my interest. He got me really worked up, for instance, over the withdrawal of the subsidy to the *bêche-de-mer* industry; so that I introduced him to one or two acquaintances in the City who might be induced to finance a new enterprise in that quarter, and to an M.P. who specializes in prodding successive Secretaries of State for the Colonies. Tommy was confidential (as befitted the Administrator-designate of Whitsun Island) but convincing; and the M.P. made voluminous notes for questions to be put down some time when things were slack. The conversation was of a high order, smacking richly of Cecil Rhodes, Rudyard Kipling, Lord Lugard and—to do him justice—Tommy; and next morning I actually looked up Whitsun Island in my atlas.

I discovered, idly enough, that there were two islands of that name, both British dependencies: one in the Indian Ocean, the other in the Pacific. Next time I saw Tommy I asked him which was his.

"Is there another one?" he asked.

"According to my atlas," I said. "Where's yours?"

"In—um—well—um: I thought everybody knew where Whitsun was. The other's a very small island—just a rock, in fact. I'm not even sure it's inhabited. Whereas mine has got all those Dyaks and Chinese and Indian *banyas*."

"And indigenous natives and guano and *bêche-de-mer*," I added loyally, "but where is it, exactly?"

"Well, now that you ask me—don't give me away, old boy, but I'm not absolutely certain. I must find out. I'll let you know."

And he went away towards the Colonial Office looking slightly preoccupied for the first time since hearing of his appointment.

Three days later he came to see me.

"You were quite right about those two islands," he said. "One is in the Indian Ocean, somewhere off Sumatra, and the other is in the Pacific: they both belong to us, and they've both got Indians and Dyaks and Chinese."

"And indigenous natives and guano and *bêche-de-mer*?" I asked. I sensed the crisis in the situation.

"Apparently. I had to attend a meeting this morning on the improvement of communications with the Island, and I hoped I should get a clue as to which mine was, but I didn't. I'm absolutely fogged. What on earth shall I do? I've got to write two policy papers on the beastly place by Monday morning, and I'm shaken. Frankly I'm shaken. I don't know which place it is."

"Why not make a clean breast of it and ask?" I said.

"I could have asked two months ago when I first arrived, but how can I possibly ask now? I've built myself up into the greatest expert on the place in London, and I can't confess at this stage that I don't know which it is. Can't you think something up?"

"The only thing I can suggest," I said, "is to wait till they give you your ticket. If they send you via America or New Zealand, it's a pretty safe bet that it's the Pacific one. If they send you via Colombo, you can bet your boots it's the one in the Indian Ocean."

"Good idea," said Tommy. "I'm off in a week; I can probably bluff it out till then. But what if they send me via Singapore? That might mean either."

"Back your luck," I said. "Bite on the bullet, keep a stiff upper lip, remember Cecil Rhodes and keep your powder dry," I said. But ten days ago he rang me up from Hurn airport, and his voice was the voice of a stricken man.

"It's Singapore," he said, "for 'onward passage.'"

* * * * *
Two days ago I got his cable from Singapore. It read:

"HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO SPEND FORTNIGHT HERE MAKING CONTACTS USEFUL DURING TENURE OFFICE ADMINISTRATOR WHITSUN AND THEREAFTER TO MAKE OWN ARRANGEMENTS ONWARD PASSAGE STOP ADVISE URGENTLY TOMMY."

I can hardly answer:

"ADVISE SPEND FORTNIGHT MAKING CONTACTS USEFUL DURING PASSAGE HOMEWARD."

Can I?

Can anybody tell me what to tell Tommy? B. E. F.

Dirty Work

"We need fair weather to ripen fruit and grain crops but most of this summer has been unfair."—Schoolboy's essay.

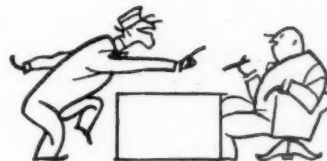
Progress



"I say, listen, old boy, I've got a perfectly marvellous idea for a revue.



First of all we have a terribly funny sketch about the housing famine, and how no one's allowed to build any houses at all—



which is followed by a terrifically comic scene about bread.



Then there's a simply crashing turn about old cars being sold for a million apiece, and no petrol to put in them—



and a really stupendously humorous act about travelling thirty in a compartment all night;



after which there's a grand burlesque about no clothes and no taxis and no visas and no licences and no money and no permits and no cigarettes and so forth—



and a wonderfully amusing skit about Britons being chucked out of every part of the world that they've helped to put in a position to do so.



Then there's a very witty number called 'Britain can lump it,' about everything being for export, and nothing whatever for the shops to sell;



and after that there's a screamingly funny scene at the Peace Conference, all arguing and shouting and accusing each other, and all ending in national bankruptcy and international strife and final ruin for all.



Then we have a simply uproarious strike sketch with everyone firmly refusing to work at all unless everyone else joins their union—



and we end with an absolutely side-splitting comic ballet about the atom bomb, finishing in complete and utter destruction all round.



I tell you, my dear old boy, it'll be just about the biggest laugh since 'Charley's Aunt.'

At the Play

"KING LEAR" (NEW)

ROOM must be found in Mr. OLIVIER's cap, already rivalling that of Hiawatha, for another outsize feather of the finest quality. This is a *Lear* of rare imagination, expressed with a mastery of acting which prompts the use of superlatives. Mr. OLIVIER does some astonishing things with his voice, taking on the high throaty crackle and all the little wheezy impediments of a hale man of ninety who still has a good deal to say; and also with his hands, which hang nervily from the wrist in a wonderfully antique fashion, his fingers becoming impatient italics bonily underlining his meaning. It is a marvellous essay in spasmodic senile vigour which never falters in the growing disillusionment of the domestic scenes; even the great curses, calculated to reduce girls less fireproof than these to cinders, and a temptation to a lesser actor to pull out all the stops, are delivered just as they would be by a very old man whose flash-point is low but whose fury cannot quite stay the course. And out on the heath, when *Lear* is grown mad and gentle in his extremity of exhaustion and humiliation, Mr. OLIVIER is magnificent. His only fault that I could see, and it is a very small one, is that while the haggling goes on over the knights he becomes too peripatetic, *Lear* appearing (from where I was sitting) to go right off the stage and then to return to go on with the argument, almost as if he had forgotten something. This is disturbing.

After him in order of merit comes Mr. ALEC GUINNESS for his *Fool*. It is a part which, with its skipping and wise-cracks, can be very tedious. Few actors succeed in getting through the incongruity to the enormous pathos behind, but Mr. GUINNESS does this brilliantly. His *Fool* is infinitely sad and infinitely humorous and for once *Lear's* affection for him can be understood. In particular there is a moment when *Gloucester* has led the others from the

hut on the heath and the *Fool* is too broken in spirit to follow immediately, when Mr. GUINNESS is tremendous. And after him comes Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN, the solid virtue of whose acting has never been more apparent. His sturdy, decent *Kent* is splendid, and the likeableness—there is no other word—with which he invests him is of immense value to the whole effect. I may be old-fashioned, however, but I prefer stocks to be much more

steadfast fellow, very sympathetically acted. Of the ladies *Goneril* is the most telling. Miss PAMELA BROWN takes the line that *Goneril* is not merely a chilly ingrate but a smiling sadist as well, and it comes off. *Regan*, according to Miss MARGARET LEIGHTON, is a surlier, more straightforward character, but here the attack seems too tepid. And as for *Cordelia*, Miss JOYCE REDMAN makes the mistake, I think, of being childish where, surely, firmness is required. *Cordelia*, who can have nothing to learn about her sisters' natures, could well start the play angry; she should certainly not be smiling coyly.

As a whole Mr. OLIVIER's production is below the standard one associates with the Old Vic team; as yet it is not as polished and closely-knit as usual, and in the castle scenes it is decidedly slow, a flaw quickly noticeable in a play lasting three and a half hours.

"THE SHEPHERD SHOW" (PRINCES)

This is slick entertainment, good in places but short of wit and not as funny as with such a cast it might have been. Mr. RICHARD HEARNE, about whose teeming originality one could write at length, is the best thing in it. Ably assisted by Mr. EDDIE (Monsewer) GRAY he moves a piano memorably; he repeats his past success as the balletomane shoemaker, this time with Miss MAUREEN SIMS; and his skit on a Latin wooing is terrific. Mr. EDDIE GRAY is also in good form in an idiotic juggling act (idiotic, but what enviable juggling!). Mr. DOUGLAS

BYNG is not well served in his songs but scores heavily as pantomime *Jack* (the Ministry's beanstalk expert). The average Member of the Lower Chamber is dealt with faithfully and mercilessly by Mr. ARTHUR RISCOE, who is generally useful as an *enfant terrible*. On the side of sentiment Miss MARIE BURKE sings in her accomplished way and Miss JEANNE RAVEL and Mr. RONALD BOYER dance attractively. Mr. HARRY PARR DAVIES provides several good tunes, Mr. WILLIAM CHAPPELL's dresses are bright and there are some amusing effects, notably a vast barrage of bubbles at the end. ERIC.



LIVE WIRES

Jim	MR. RICHARD HEARNE
Bert	MR. ARTHUR RISCOE
Fred	MR. DOUGLAS BYNG
Foreman	MR. EDDIE GRAY

uninviting than those into which he is clapped. The easy comfort in which the prisoner is encouraged to settle down smacks too much of an arm-chair in St. James's Street and suggests the imminence of a waiter in a wasp-waistcoat proffering refreshment and the latest copy of the *Financial Times*.

Mr. PETER COPLEY makes *Edmund* no more than an ambitious young crook, which is what he should be, and not a self-conscious pocket *Iago*. Mr. GEORGE ROLPH's *Gloucester* is a little dreary in the early stages but warms up to excellence at Dover. Mr. MICHAEL WARRE's *Edgar* is a fine,

At the Opera

THE C.M.F. SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY (COVENT GARDEN)

NONE of the operas in its repertoire has a more romantic story behind it than the San Carlo Opera Company of Naples, now in its fifth week at Covent Garden. These melodious Good Companions were scattered over the length and breadth of Italy, and the story of how they were brought together is as colourful as, and even more exciting than, Mr. Priestley's. When Naples fell to British troops in October 1943 the Area Commander, Brigadier Cripps, immediately took over the opera house and set on foot "Operation Opera"—the most novel kind of military operation that even so resourceful a being as a British soldier has ever planned. Within six weeks enough singers had been found for the campaign to open. It was a huge success, and thousands of British Tommies became opera-enthusiasts overnight. The Central Mediterranean Force may well be proud of itself and of its protégé.

The company was certain of a warm welcome in London, both from older opera-goers who can once more revel in memories of Melba, Caruso and Scotti in a Covent Garden rescued from the sordid vicissitudes of recent years, and from the many thousands who are beginning to find in music new and unexpected joys. The San Carlo Company contains several first-rate artists who are a joy to hear and inevitably some not-so-good ones also, so the quality of performance is mixed. The strongest teams are those who sing *The Barber of Seville* and the operatic twins *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *I Pagliacci*. PAOLO SILVERI, who sings *Figaro* in "The Barber" and *Tonio* the clown in *I Pagliacci*, has as beautiful a baritone voice as we have heard in many a day, and he is first-rate in both rôles. As *Figaro* the barber he may be a shade too insolent (one feels that in *Dr. Bartolo's* place one would have thrown him out on his ear), but from so handsome a person with so golden a voice and such verve one would doubtless put up with a good deal. As for his *Tonio*, one can but advise all aspiring baritones to go and hear him "ring up the curtain," for here is an artist of no mean order.

The *Rosina* in "The Barber," (also *Nedda* in *I Pagliacci* and *Violetta* in *La Traviata*) is MARGHERITA CAROSIO. She is a coloratura soprano with a voice which is a little hard in quality but brilliant and true. She is dark,

slender and an excellent actress, and her *Violetta* has gaiety as well as dignity and pathos. As *Rosina* she makes the most of the opportunity to display her vivacity and brilliant coloratura. *Nedda* suits her less well.

FRANCESCO ALBANESE, who sings *Count Almaviva* in "The Barber," has an outstandingly beautiful lyric tenor voice. To hear him with PAOLO SILVERI in the duets in the first act of "The Barber" when *Almaviva* and *Figaro* are plotting the former's introduction to *Rosina* is a delight. The cast of "The Barber" is blessed too with a very comic *Dr. Bartolo* and *Don Basilio* in MELCHIORE LUISE and AUGUSTO ROMANI. This *Don Basilio* is surely the grubbier-looking music-master that ever was, and his "calumny" aria is of the best. IOLANDA MAGNONI (the *Santuzza* of *Cavalleria Rusticana*) has a beautiful and powerful soprano, and WANDA MADONNA is another very gifted and promising young singer.

The acting of the chorus is perhaps the company's weakest spot. They are at best untidily adequate (as in the party-scenes in *La Traviata*) and at worst very bad indeed (as in *Rigoletto*). In *Rigoletto* it is impossible to tell from the demeanour of the courtiers that they hate and fear *Rigoletto* and seek vengeance upon him. They stand about the stage as if they were waiting for a train. This unconcern is largely responsible for the flatness of the first

act, in which the dramatic tension should increase and, as it were, explode in the curse pronounced upon *Rigoletto* and the evil Duke by *Monterone*. In the second act too the courtiers gathering in the darkness outside *Rigoletto's* house to abduct *Gilda* seem less like a crowd of Latin conspirators filled with hatred and malice than like a queue of patient Londoners waiting in the black-out for an evening paper.

Much has been written about the pros and cons of applauding individual numbers at Covent Garden. It certainly is not symphony-concert manners to do so—but when an Italian tenor bawls a top C till the rafters rattle and every collar-stud in the house strains in agony at its moorings, what else is an audience to do to relieve its pent-up feelings?

D. C. B.

Q. V.

(Addressed to those waiting for transit visas at the French Embassy.)

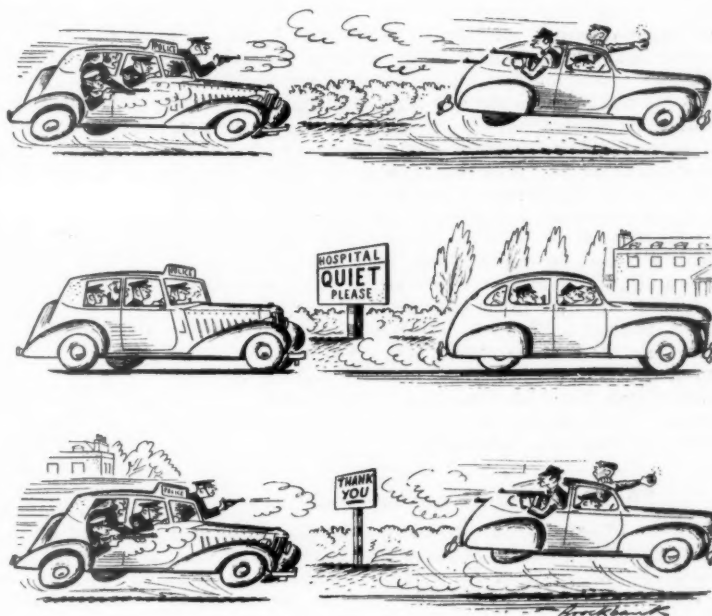
YOU'll have plenty of time in the visa Q

To study your visa-V.

In fact there is nothing else to do,
For the Q winds on with never a vU
Of the fast-shut door of BurO 2—

The burO where U would B—

So spend those hours in the visa Q
Inspecting your visa-V.





William Sealey

"Something more expensive? I can assure you, madam, these would be very much more expensive if it wasn't for the controlled prices."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Syrian Jig-Saw

Syria (HALE, 21/-) is a puzzle that has never been put together. So says Mr. ROBIN FEDDEN, who knows Syria from end to end. He has an expert's interest in the country's unrivalled monuments of differing—in most cases fiercely differing—ideologies; so that you see through his observant eyes Phœnician shipyards, the oldest in the world, and crusaders' castles, hollow as lunar craters, as well as apricot-laden gardens of Damascus and the cosmopolitan hotch-potch that is Beyrouth. Here is all the fun, so to speak, of a fair that was open, as far as our knowledge goes, about 3000 B.C.; and shut, now to the East, now to the West, as the fortunes of interior or extraneous warfare shifted. The author's rather eighteenth-century impatience with "enthusiasm" will no doubt find contemporary echoes. He has nothing but scorn for a monastery whose Uniate and Orthodox claimants take turn and turn about to be besieged; and little but approval for the shrewd business magnates of Tyre and Sidon, now so straitly confined in their stone sarcophagi. Yet the West, he maintains, has been the making of Syria and the East its undoing; and his historical appreciation ends on the acquittal, with costs, of the French mandate. His borrowed photographs are superb.

H. P. E.

The Letters of Alexander Woolcott

From the literary standpoint there is nothing to be said for the growing practice, when a well-known man dies, of collecting as much of his correspondence as possible and issuing the result as a book. Letters are excellent raw material for a biographer, but they need to be pruned

of all trivialities and so presented as to illuminate matters with which the reader has already been made acquainted. *The Letters of Alexander Woolcott* (Edited by BEATRICE KAUFMAN and JOSEPH HENNESSEY: CASSELL, 12/6) are thickly sown with such ephemeral details as "I'm to eat my Thanksgiving turkey at Kennebunkport along with Booth Tarkington and Kenneth Roberts," and "Alice Miller and Old Man Hennessey arrive to-day, the Iveses, I think, to-morrow, and the Kaufmans next week." There is, however, much in these letters that is worth preservation, and had they been reduced by two-thirds and incorporated in a narrative of Alexander Woolcott's life they would have justified their publication. Their writer, a well-known American journalist and dramatic critic, met nearly everyone of public note in the States and England, from Harpo Marx to Bernard Shaw, who once admitted to him that a concordance of his writings would show the Dickens allusions to be four times as numerous as those of any other writer. Perhaps the best remark in the book is Thornton Wilder's—"Nothing so lifts a soldier's morale as getting a letter from home, and nothing so depresses him as reading it."

H. K.

Beyond the Black-Out

If you were seventy and had to spend 1942-44 in a country home with marauding Huns overhead, how would you pass your winter evenings? Apart from enemy aircraft, and such urban-minded inflictions as "daylight saving," some of us would have "thanked Heaven," as Petruchio's Kate said, "fasting" for a spell of solitude. And that is precisely what Mr. S. L. BENSUSAN did. Considered too old for what is officially termed work, he grew all the food he could and spent his winter evenings writing *Fireside Papers* (EPWORTH PRESS, 6/-), thereby summing-up, for himself and us, the mellow wisdom of the good days behind him. His interests are legitimately divided between this world and the next; and during his proof-reading he was struck by his reiterated allusions to reincarnation, rabbits and Marcus Aurelius. Theosophy suggested the first and last themes; and theosophy is apt to appear to the uninitiated a little "choose-y": as though a man registered with a dozen spiritual grocers, few of whom would have served him had they known he patronized the others. But the rabbits are exemplary; and so is the author's toil in Essex woodland and garden. His war-years seem to have united what to Yeats was the rarest conjunction of all: stoicism, asceticism and ecstasy.

H. P. E.

Queen Adelaide

In 1852 Frederick Robertson wrote to a friend: "Nelson, Adelaide, Wellington, these have been the *great* mournings of England in this century. . . . Yes, Goodness, Duty, Sacrifice—these are the qualities that England honours." The fact that everyone knows about Nelson and Wellington, and very few persons could say offhand who Queen Adelaide was, may suggest that Frederick Robertson overestimated the value attached by the English to self-abnegation, which was hardly the chief characteristic of either Nelson or Wellington. But at least at the time of her death the nation recognized the rare virtues of Queen Adelaide. "All parties, all classes, join in doing her justice," wrote Queen Victoria, and now a century later this delightfully-written biography (*Queen Adelaide*: JOHN MURRAY, 15/-) makes her live again for the reader of to-day. Miss MARY HOPKIRK opens with a lurid panorama of the connubial and extra-connubial complications of the sons of George III. The old king was insane, the Regent and his unsatisfactory

consort were in open conflict, and the chief hope of staving off a republic seemed to lie in a marriage which would provide the Duke of York with a legitimate heir. Adelaide, eldest daughter of a German prince, was chosen as his bride, and though the children she bore him did not live, the marriage in all other respects turned out extraordinarily well, the affection bordering on esteem which the Duke won as William IV being almost entirely due to the wise and gentle influence of his wife.

H. K.

A Story of the Clyde

"She was the last orderly expression of the folk they called the Oliphants of Garvel; the people who had once built beautiful ships and had latterly made and inherited and spent and wasted money." So, in the last page of his book, *The Westering Sun* (COLLINS, 10/6), Mr. GEORGE BLAKE describes his heroine, Bluebell (after one of her father's ships) Oliphant. We meet her first, as a woman of thirty, on the day of her father's funeral, unmoved, since Julius Oliphant had been a cad, except that she was faced by responsibilities to her brothers and the little half-sisters by two stepmothers. Later we are given pictures of her childhood and that of her father, and later still we are told what happened to all the members of his large family after his death. Interwoven through a long series of domestic adventures we have the history of a romantic shipping enterprise. There seems no particular reason why Mr. BLAKE should not have begun at the beginning and gone straight through to the end. His method taxes the reader's memory and concentration rather badly at times, though it may make the appreciation of Bluebell's character easier. She and the ships and the fineness of Calum Bell, the minister's son, who was a friend of Julius in boyhood, who thought out the shipping schemes and was abominably treated, have chief importance in the book. Mr. BLAKE has written a good sound readable story, and his portrayal of Scottish character is excellent, through late Victorian days to the last war.

B. E. B.

Governess Makes Good.

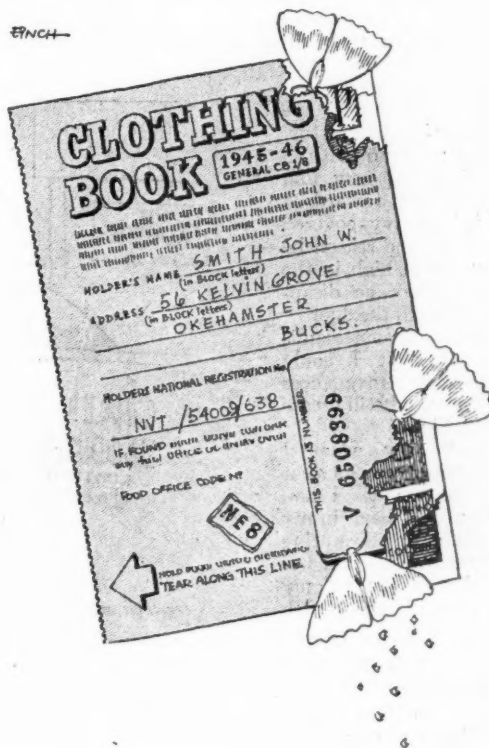
Miss ELIZABETH TAYLOR has a sharp pen, and no secret corner of the human mind seems safe from her remorseless dissection. She writes with deceptive quietness, but there is a devilish sting in her dialogue and her observation of people is lethal, whether they be prize specimens in the gallery of misfits or merely normal hearty animals. She can, moreover, pile up background with remarkable dexterity. A crumbling mansion in the country, in feeling more Irish than English, is the scene of her new novel, *Palladian* (PETER DAVIES, 8/6), and here a young governess, a shrewd but innocent romantic, finds herself in charge of a tart and unpleasant little girl in an atmosphere of mouldering ineffectiveness which would have put the Three Sisters entirely at ease. The master of Crophorne Manor is a vague widower who reads Greek most of the time, largely in the dark because of his poor head; odd but sinewy relationships bind him to a housekeeping aunt living on patent foods, to her son, who has been his wife's lover and is drinking himself bitterly to pieces, to her pragmatical tiresome daughter, and to an ancient nannie who tyrannizes over them all. It is a strange jigsaw, the more curious shapes of which are implied rather than described; even a normal wooing would have run a hard course in such a house, and the governess's courtship by her employer is anything but that. This is a novel well above the average, witty, original and refreshingly unkind.

E. O. D. K.

News Chronicling

Mr. R. J. CRUIKSHANK is so overwhelmingly conscious of the personality of Charles Dickens projected in the columns of the London newspaper the novelist edited when—with the aid of *Punch*—it was first established, that his brooding over a century of the files tends to bring forth in every chapter a disciple's tribute to his master. He almost invites criticism, indeed, not of the policies of the journal with which he himself is very closely associated, but of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, say, or the less inspired passages of *Pickwick*. In indicating, in *Roaring Century* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 12/6), the extent of material progression through the decades, Mr. CRUIKSHANK naturally finds it easy enough to pile wonder on wonder. The changes from the first proudly heralded locomotives to jet-propulsion aircraft, from the mail packet to wireless transmission, from muzzle-loaders to atom bombs and so on, shout for themselves, and even the more easily forgotten introduction of such things as anaesthetics or cargo-boat refrigeration needs no headlines to-day, but the writer emulates his hero in choosing to value most the growth of ideas about prisons, workhouses, hours of employment or child labour. That assurance of uninterrupted advance towards a kind of universal Anglo-Saxon heaven in which our ancestors of 1846 were too smugly satisfied has broken down in a struggle for mere existence, but to-day, perhaps, it begins to rise again on a fairer and finer basis, and the writer ends a brilliant wide-sweeping review on a note of illuminating optimism—with a pre-view of a cricket match between the Kremlin Eleven and the White House Eleven for the Security Council Cup. It is to be played presumably, though he does not say so, at Lord's.

C. C. P.



The Philosophy of Composition

IN the days when my life's ambition was to be a novelist I bought a book which was said to explain how this might be accomplished. There were only thirty-six possible situations, said the book, on which a plot could be based. All that was necessary was to select one of these, people it with colourful characters, and the thing was done.

I chose a situation called "Deliverance: An Unfortunate; a Threatener; and a Rescuer," and sat down to consider how I should deal with it. After about an hour's thought I could only envisage a Boy Scout hitting another on the head with his staff and the timely intervention of the scoutmaster, and how to fill my book with this I could not tell.

I knew that at all costs I must strive for originality, and it was perhaps over-anxiety to secure this that prompted my next idea. Retaining the original situation, I determined to work it out in duplicate, the hero of one part being a schoolmaster and of the other a bee. The schoolmaster would be threatened by a bookmaker and rescued by one of his pupils with an infallible betting system. The bee would be threatened by another bee and rescued by a third bee.

I was immediately fired by this idea, and within five minutes I had my schoolmaster in my mind's eye—a heavy-jowled, saturnine-looking man with a slight limp. I saw him clearly walking towards a door in an ivy-covered wall. For some reason he held one hand high in the air, and before he disappeared through the door he turned a back-somersault, but I felt that I could suppress such extravagances in my book and still create a lifelike figure.

It was only when I turned to my bee plot that I came to a halt. I had thrown myself back in my chair and was attempting to summon up a vivid bee from the depths of my mind when I was struck

all at once by the folly of the thing. To me, and probably to most of my readers, all bees were alike. How to differentiate between my three characters? Phrases such as "a particularly long sting" and "a heavily built bee" flashed through my mind, to be instantly discarded. Again, how to name the bees? Names such as James or Philip were out of the question, and unless I could hit upon some other system I foresaw constant clumsy references to "the other bee," "the third bee" or "the original bee." With a groan of despair I abandoned the whole idea and cast about for another.

From Poe's analysis of the preliminaries to the writing of "The Raven" it appears that he adopted the expedient, at one point, of asking himself questions the answers to which determined the nature of the poem. I resolved to adopt a similar method. "What," I asked myself, "is the type of character most likely to appeal to the greatest section of the population?" I pondered this for some time, and was finally forced to reply that I did not know. Re-reading Poe, I saw that he had had the acumen to ask himself fairly easy questions, so I began again. "What," I said, "in all cases and to all readers, is the most absorbing kind of story?"

"An exciting story," I answered, remembering with a thrill how Poe had said that his work had proceeded "with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem." "And what story," I asked myself eagerly, "is at all times and to all readers the most exciting?" Once more I had to confess that I did not know.

In desperation I decided to pin my faith to the idea of the threatened schoolmaster, sacrificing the bees as impracticable. I threw myself back in my chair, closed my eyes, and saw once more the limping figure. He alighted from a train and walked along the platform to the barrier. Here, to my vexation, there was a delay, for he appeared to have lost his ticket. After a long argument he gave his name and address to the porter and was allowed to pass through. I saw that, although otherwise apparently normal, he was walking in a crouching manner reminiscent of Mr. Groucho Marx. He went down the main street and in a moment had entered the public library. Again there was an irritating delay. Once or twice I myself opened the door, but I could find nothing on the other side but a bleak waste of fell country dotted with sheep. At last he emerged, and I saw with a shock that he now wore a large red moustache. His next stopping-

place was a small inn, and I decided that this was where he would meet the bookmaker. At first, remembering my experience at the public library, I made no attempt to look inside, but growing impatient at last, I opened the door. He was sitting at a small table with a tankard of beer before him, together with a sheet of paper and some books. He had just finished writing something as I looked in, and was scanning it thoughtfully. I glanced over his shoulder and saw the words "Deliverance: An Unfortunate; a Threatener; and a Rescuer." It was at that moment that I abandoned for ever the idea of becoming a novelist.



"No, sir, but with compliments—you're our lucky ten-thousandth inquirer!"

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



Great Uncle Thomas drove his horseless carriage to Brighton in the Celebration Run of 1896 with the flush of victory on his cheeks. What joy indeed to travel at the newly permitted speed of twelve miles per hour! And some Romary biscuits in his motoring coat pocket just made happiness complete. Today, the latter alone is enough to make us rejoice. For when supplies are unavoidably short, it's something of a triumph to secure some Romary's Wheaten Biscuits, Ginger Nuts and Honey Baks.

ROMARY

'Tunbridge Wells' Biscuits



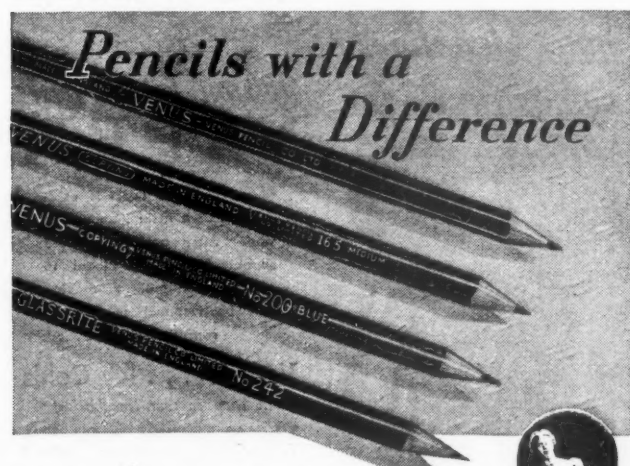
COOL, DELIGHTFUL, FRAGRANT

ATKINSONS Eau de Cologne

THE EAU DE COLOGNE OF FINEST QUALITY

AEC 158-98

J. & E. ATKINSON LTD



To do good work with pencils you need good leads—leads which you can rely on for strength, smoothness and accuracy. The VENUS "War Drawing" gives you a choice of seven such leads. There are also available "Utility" Blacklead, Copying and Coloured pencils. Our famous branded lines of VENUS pencils will return as soon as conditions permit and restrictions are removed.



VENUS

The World's Perfect Quality PENCIL

THE VENUS PENCIL CO., LTD., LOWER CLAPTON ROAD, LONDON, E.5



A word of discomfort

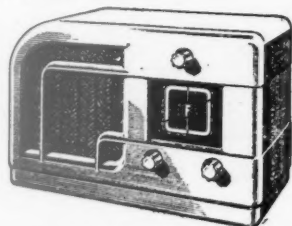
Much as we should like to encourage the hale, hearty and thirsty, we must ask them (as usual) to resign Lembar to people suffering the discomforts of 'flu, biliousness or acidosis. Lembar's good ingredients—pure lemon juice, barley, glucose and cane sugar—should be used only medicinally at present—so fill your glass with something else and drink to better times.

RAYNER'S medicinal Lembar

Available in limited quantities

MADE BY RAYNER & COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, N.18

The new Ferranti 546

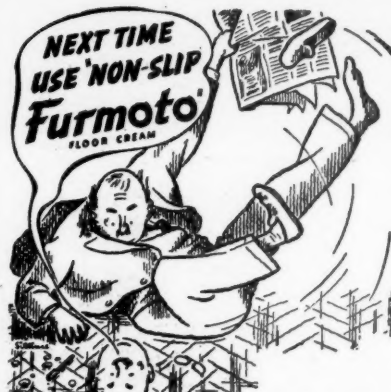


THE FERRANTI 546 Receiver is now available, in limited quantities, from Appointed Ferranti Radio Dealers. Hear it—let it speak for itself. Hold it—a true transportable weighing only 10 1/2 lbs. with built-in aerial—and remember 'Ferranti' means reliability.

Transportable AC/DC Superhet.
2 wavebands. Off-white plastic moulded cabinet.

Price (including tax) **£15:15:7**

FERRANTI LTD MOSTON MANCHESTER 10
AND 36 KINGSWAY LONDON W.C.2



**£100
FREE
INSURANCE
AGAINST
SLIPPING**

GUARANTEED 100% NON-SLIP

Furmoto shines floors like glass—produces a hard, tread-proof and waterproof surface on any kind of flooring and linoleum—yet on it you can't slip an inch. Because of this it is the only polish you should use. Avoid accident claims as result of anyone falling on slippery floors. You are absolutely safe with Furmoto, for with every tin is given £100 free insurance against slipping.

Sold in tins, 1/6, 3/-, 5/- and larger sizes at Oilshops, Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

Furmoto non-slip FLOOR CREAM

Awarded 64 Gold Medals.

In case of difficulty write for name of nearest stockist to:
FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3, Brixton Rd., London, S.W.9

To preserve your shoes. Polish them with
SOLITAIRE Shoe Polish de Luxe

Add this daily AND BUILD UP TOTAL HEALTH!

"Run-down" is not an official illness, but these words do describe how many of us feel today after six years of war and in face of the difficulties of peace. Food problems seem to be the worst, but while there isn't much we can do about rations we can add to these a Vitamin food which will help to make every meal a natural tonic and eventually build up the needed strength and vigour.

Yestamin Vitamin Yeast is 40% protein (that is body-building). 3 Yestamin tablets taken at mealtimes



BREAKFAST



LUNCH



SUPPER

9

TABLETS OF

Yestamin

1/14 FOR 100 VITAMIN YEAST

3/- FOR 300 (1 month's supply)

The ENGLISH GRAINS Co. Ltd., Burton-on-Trent

You can
always
rely on...



MADE IN ENGLAND

for

- EASY STARTING
- SMOOTH RUNNING
- GREATER PETROL MILEAGE

A. C. SPHINX
SPARKING PLUG CO. LTD
DUNSTABLE.

"YOU CAN'T MAKE
THIS PAINT
WITH SUBSTITUTE
MATERIALS"



says
PAINTER
BILL

We regret that we have not yet been able to resume normal production of Brolac and Murac because, in order to guarantee the same high pre-war standard in these two first-quality paints, we need a full supply of the special ingredient "Hankol," the raw material of which comes from China.

Brolac DOUBLE PROTECTION PAINT with the enamel finish

Murac

HYGIENIC AND WASHABLE
matt finish for walls

JOHN HALL & SONS

(BRISTOL AND LONDON) LTD., BRISTOL
London: 1-5, St. Pancras Way, N.W.1

Inner Cleanliness
comes first—for
HEALTH



ANDREWS for INNER CLEANLINESS

Family size tin 2/-
Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.



If you have any VAPEX

please make it last. If carefully used, a little goes a long way. After use the stopper should be tightly closed to avoid evaporation. Production will be resumed as soon as conditions permit

VAPEX... for Colds

A Drop on your Handkerchief

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancs., England

Your Hair Brush rebristled

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,

Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,
(Dept. L.)

64 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4

PROTECT YOUR HANDS

Flexible, durable, comfortable. Do not harden. From Ironmongers and Stores. 2/6 post 3d. One coupon per pair.

Andy GARDEN GLOVES

TEDSON, THORNLEY & CO., ROCHDALE



"... the production of nitrous oxide from nitrate of ammonia ..."

Let modern youth have its fling—so long as the test tubes stay put. For, we must explain in our old-fashioned way, nitrous oxide is "Laughing gas." It is, as the youthful professor has pointed out, produced from nitrate of ammonia. This is crushed in a sort of concrete mixer, then placed in gas-fired coppers, where it melts and boils, so giving off nitrous oxide gas. After being washed and purified it is then compressed into cylinders, where it liquefies ready for dispatch. This is just one of the medicinal gases that are produced by The British Oxygen Company. Indeed, in the field of gas anaesthesia this Company is justly proud of the part it is taking in the relief of pain. So it will be seen that the vast industrial uses for the products of The British Oxygen Company have not been allowed to overshadow the Company's everyday work in the cause of humanity.



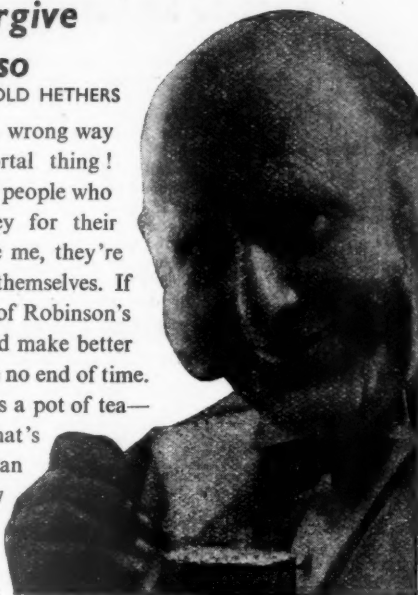
The British Oxygen Co. Ltd.
LONDON AND BRANCHES

1886 • IN THE SERVICE OF INDUSTRY
AND MEDICINE FOR 60 YEARS • 1946

If you'll forgive me saying so

says OLD HETHERS

there's a right and a wrong way of doing every mortal thing! Now, I know a lot of people who still use pearl barley for their barley water. Believe me, they're just making work for themselves. If only they'd get a tin of Robinson's 'Patent' Barley they'd make better barley water and save no end of time. It's as easy to make as a pot of tea—with Robinson's. That's what I'm using till I can get Robinson's Barley Water in bottles again. And if I may say so, I should know.



Barley Water from
ROBINSON'S
'PATENT' BARLEY



Price 10/9
Travel Size 2/6

SUPERSIFTED!
PERFECTLY BLENDED SHADES!
IT STAYS ON!

in a superb face powder
Goya

161, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W.1

TRADE MARK

SEAGERS

GIN

MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICE
25/3 per bottle.

MELTICIPATING
THE RETURN OF



N.B. To 'Melticipate' is to anticipate sweetly
Meltis Ltd., London & Bedford

GREENS LTD
Cigar & Wine Merchants
37 & 38 Royal Exchange, Cornhill,
London, E.C.3

We invite enquiries for
Imported French Wines, i.e.,
Burgundy, Claret and White
Bordeaux, also Algerian, all
shipped under Government
Licence. Deliveries will be
made as soon as available.

**DANGERS
REMAIN...**

A Welsh Coxswain

... and the hazardous work of the Life-boatmen must go on in peace, as in war. Help them to replenish their war-depleted fleet by sending a contribution today.

**ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION**
42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

The Earl of Harrowby, Hon. Treasurer
Lt-Col. C. R. Satterthwaite, O.B.E., Secretary

CURICONES
FOR
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS,
GOUT AND ALL RHEUMATIC ILLS
DOCTORS USE IT
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

Pedigree
PRAMS & FOLDERS
All the best babies have them
L.B.LTD. London



This world-famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it—Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.
Wine Merchants to H.M. the King, Wigmors St. W.1



*"In the present
state of medical
knowledge . . ."*

Never have doctors been more ready to admit that tomorrow's discoveries may reverse today's beliefs. Yet every test and experiment confirms the fact that nerves, to keep healthy, need organic phosphorus and protein. And that is only another way of saying that they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for 'Sanatogen' contains organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination. Ask your chemist for a tin.

'SANATOGEN'

Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

In one size only at present — 6/6d.
A 'GENATOSAN' Product.

ASK FOR

**NICHOLSON'S
GIN**

The Purest Spirit made



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
RONUK
FOR POLISHING FLOORS

What is an Invisible Asset?



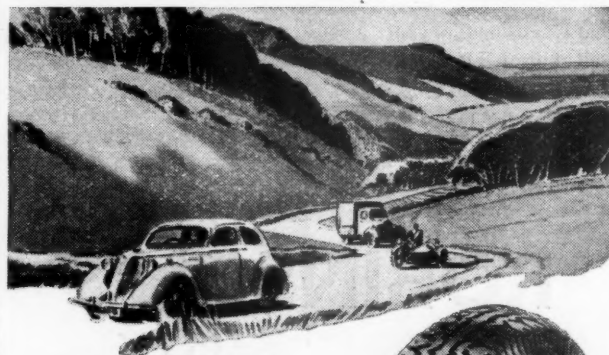
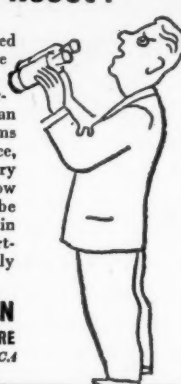
Wherever Solvents are used in any quantity, the wastage caused by evaporation is really an invisible asset. Fortunately it is an asset that can readily be translated into terms of pounds, shillings and pence, with the aid of a Solvent recovery plant. If you would like to know if solvent recovery would be a worth while proposition in your case, our advisory department is always willing to supply the necessary information.

SUTCLIFFE SPEAKMAN

& COMPANY LTD., LEIGH, LANCASHIRE

London Office: 82 King William St., E.C.4

Telephone: Mansion House 1285-6



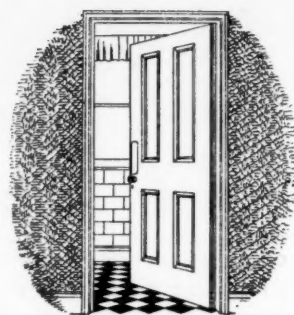
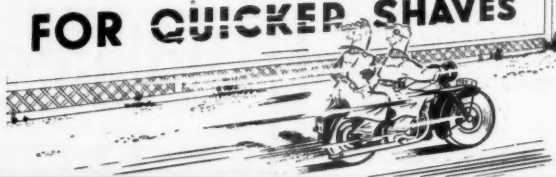
**NORTH
BRITISH
TYRES**



For Touring or Transport

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED EDINBURGH & LONDON

For men in a hurry —
WARDONIA BLADES
FOR QUICKER SHAVES



**Why are women
so particular
about this room?**

In America, most women choose a lavatory cleanser made specially for the purpose. Already, in Britain, 5 out of 10 women do. Why? Because it cleans and disinfects the whole pan. Harpic does more than whiten and deodorize the bowl (the part you can see). It also sweeps round the S-bend at the back, where no brush can reach. Harpic leaves the whole pan sweet, clean and sanitary.

Sprinkle Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. That's all!



HARPIC

THE SPECIAL LAVATORY CLEANSER
Harpic Mfg. Co. Ltd., Hull and London

**TWINKLING TOES
OR
TWINGING TOES**

That is the question — and the answer's Hobson's Choice, the safe and sure Corn Remover. From all chemists and stores.



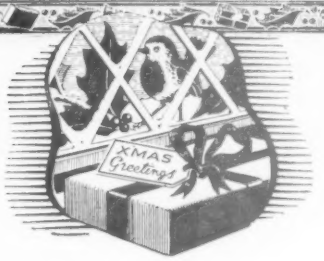
Plasters 2d.
Powders 1½d.
Combination Pack 9d.



THE FAMOUS
JAMES

JAMES CYCLE CO. LTD. BIRMINGHAM

Your Christmas Shopping



A little easier this year? Yes, we hope so. Many more of our skilled assistants are back from the Forces, and all our branches have a fair share of the good things that are going. But the trouble is — *they are going* . . . and latecomers may be unlucky. So in your own interests may we remind you that early shopping is easy shopping, and every item ticked off now relieves congestion later on? And a little hint to book-buyers—choose books from the shelves whenever you can. Orders take time, and at the last minute you may look ruefully at those empty shelves.

SHOP
EARLY
FOR
XMAS

W. H. SMITH & SON

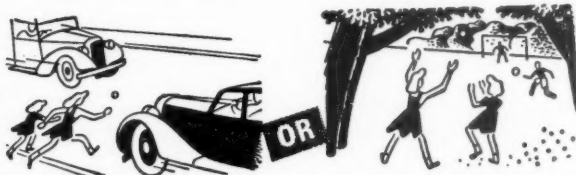
1,500 BOOKSHOPS AND STATION BOOKSTALLS
Head Office: W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., Strand House, London, W.C.2



*We know
what the future holds*

Schweppes

Guilty or not guilty?



Do you let children play here?

Take them to the park?



Do you ride three abreast in traffic?

Ride single file for safety?



Do you think an inch as good as a mile?

Give cyclists a wide safe berth?

We are all on the road together; we must all remember, all the time, that *carelessness kills*. Motorists, cyclists and pedestrians—all share the responsibility. Only by tackling this job together can we make the road safe for others—and ourselves.

Issued by the Ministry of Transport

**KEEP DEATH
OFF THE ROAD**
**CARELESSNESS
KILLS**

LODGE

with its wonderful

SINTOX

(SINTERED ALUMINIUM OXIDE)

INSULATOR

is the

finest plug in the world

for all cars



Lodge Plugs Ltd.,
Rugby.

DUNLOP

still
the
standard
by which
all tyres
are
judged



6H/117



4,000 recruits join up this week

With demobilisation so much in mind, it is easy to forget that our young men are still entering the Services at the rate of nearly a thousand a day.

The work of the Y.M.C.A. with the Forces must go on for a long time yet. Only the men who depend on them know what our centres—at home and overseas—mean in refreshment for body, mind and spirit.

But young men entering the Services, young men in industry and young men starting careers away from home also need the Y.M.C.A.

Help us to answer all these needs as fully as the circumstances demand. Please send us a donation.



*Donations may be sent to the Rt. Hon. The Earl of
Athlone, K.G., G.C.B., President of the Y.M.C.A.
War and National Service Fund, 112, Great Russell
Street, London, W.C.1.*

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)